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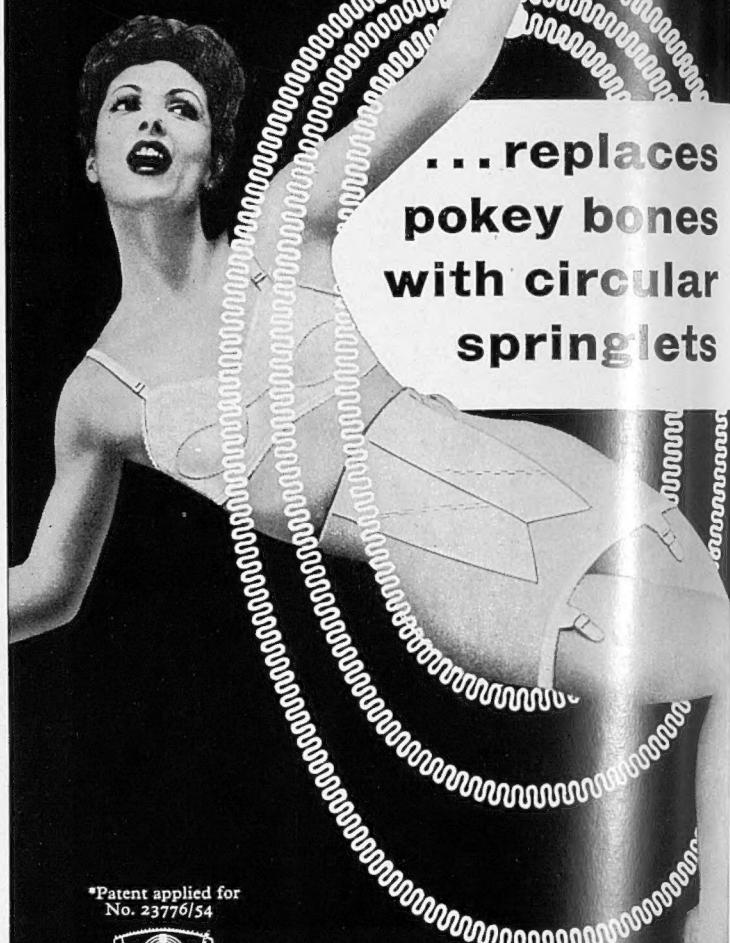
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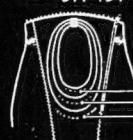
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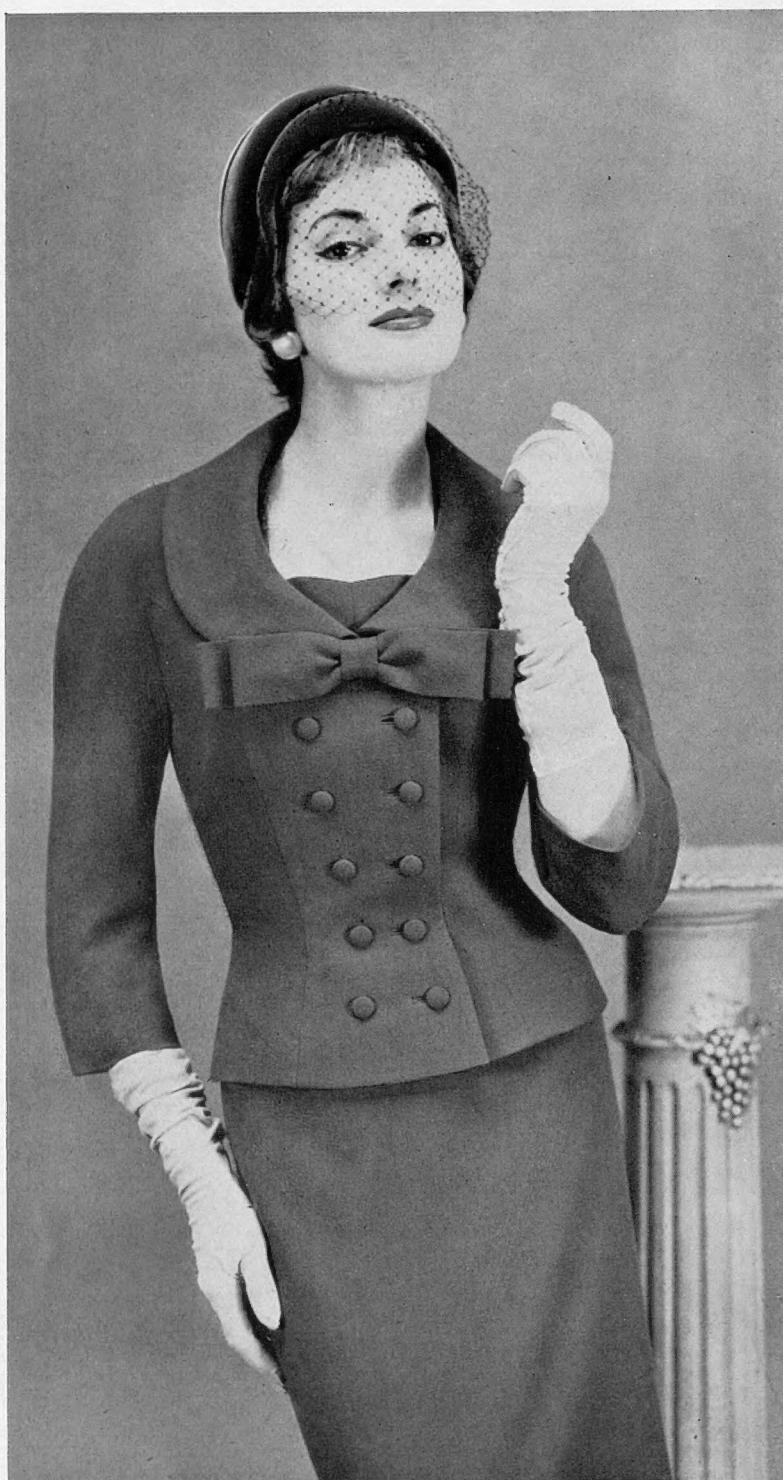
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## Diary of the week

FROM 6 MARCH TO 12 MARCH

### THURSDAY 6 MARCH

**Exhibition:** Last three days of the London Corps Diplomatique painting exhibition, in aid of the Save the Children Fund, at Leighton House, Holland Park Road.

**Memorial unveiling:** The Queen, accompanied by Prince Philip, will unveil the Indian Services Memorial in the Cloisters of Westminster Abbey.

**Concert:** Yehudi Menuhin is the soloist, and Laszlo Somogyi the conductor of the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, in a concert at the Royal Festival Hall, 8 p.m.

**Steeplechasing** at Ludlow and Wincanton.

### FRIDAY 7 MARCH

**Exhibition:** Last week of the *Young Contemporaries* Art Exhibition at the R.B.A. Galleries, Suffolk Street, Pall Mall.

**Steeplechasing** at Haydock Park and Newbury.

### SATURDAY 8 MARCH

**Concert:** The Vienna Boys' Choir will sing in the Royal Festival Hall, 3 p.m.

**Point-to-Points:** Cambridge University United Hunts' Club (Cottenham), Derwent (Wykeham), Beaufort (Didmarton), Garth (Tweseldown), Household Brigade Saddle Club

(Crowell), North Norfolk Harriers (Sparham) West Somerset Vale (Nether Stowey) Wilton (Badbury Rings).

**Steeplechasing** at Haydock Park, Newbury, Market Rasen, Sedgefield and Worcester.

### SUNDAY 9 MARCH

**Concert:** The Sadler's Wells Orchestra and Chorus will hold a Benevolent Fund Concert at Sadler's Wells Theatre, 7.30 p.m.

**Recital:** Irene Worth and George Rylands will read, with Natasha Litvin at the piano, at an Apollo Society Recital in the Royal Festival Hall, 7.45 p.m.

### MONDAY 10 MARCH

**Steeplechasing** at Worcester.

### TUESDAY 11 MARCH

**Racing:** The Cheltenham National Hunt Festival.

**Sport:** The Wentworth Gold Foursomes commence.

### WEDNESDAY 12 MARCH

**Concert:** Sir Malcolm Sargent conducts and Joan Hammond and Owen Brannigan are soloists in the Royal Festival Hall performance of Berlioz's *The Damnation Of Faust*, 7.45 p.m.

**Steeplechasing** at Cheltenham.



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3.4 LITRE SALOON

TWO SHILLINGS  
Volume CCXXVII. No. 2956

MARCH 5  
1958



A. V. Swaebe

## Sir Brian Mountain's son with his bride

THE MARRIAGE took place recently at St. Peter's, Eaton Square, of Mr. Denis Mortimer Mountain, eldest son of Sir Brian Mountain, Bt., the City financier, and Lady Mountain, of Eaton Square. His bride was Miss Helene Fleur Mary Kirwan-Taylor, daughter of Mr. John Kirwan-Taylor, of Lower Sandhill, Halland,

Sussex, and Mrs. Charles Hill, of Grove House, Alveston, Glos. The ceremony was conducted by Canon Victor Pike and the Rev. W. A. Simmonds, and the retinue consisted of a page, seven child bridesmaids and two grown-up bridesmaids. A reception was held at Claridge's, where the pictures in this issue were taken

## SOCIAL JOURNAL

# A wedding in Eaton Square

By JENNIFER

**T**HE sun shone brightly for the wedding of Mr. Denis Mountain, elder son of Sir Brian and Lady Mountain, and Miss Fleur Kirwan-Taylor, daughter of Mr. John Kirwan-Taylor and Mrs. Charles Hill. It took place at St. Peter's, Eaton Square, where Canon V. Pike and the Rev. W. A. Simmonds officiated. The bride, who was given away by her father, is a very pretty girl and wore a really beautiful wedding dress designed and made for her by Maggy Rouff. It was white *peau de soie* with lace appliqued on the full skirt, which also formed a train; her long and very full tulle veil was held in place by a pearl and diamond tiara, lent to her by her mother-in-law.

There was one page, Oliver Parker, who wore a white shirt and long red velvet trousers, and seven child bridesmaids. They were the bride's niece Antonia Kirwan-Taylor, her half-sister Tessa Kirwan-Taylor, Caryl and Angela Hill, Marcel and Sandra Campbell, and Rachel Parker, who wore long white taffeta dresses with red velvet sashes and headbands. The two older bridesmaids, Miss Judy Gillson and Miss Susan Lockwood, wore red velvet dresses and headbands.

After the ceremony the bride's parents held a reception at Claridge's where they received the guests with the bridegroom's parents; both Lady Mountain and Mrs. Hill looking exceptionally chic, the former wearing a dress of deep cream-coloured, embossed silk, over which she wore at the ceremony a very elegant coat to match and a very attractive hat of spotted veiling in the same shade. Mrs. Charles Hill's small, light blue hat went with a sapphire blue dress of *peau de soie* over which she had worn a blue velvet coat in the church. They were two of the best-turned-out mothers I have seen receiving at a wedding for a long time!

## Six sons attend—and their sister

The bride's maternal grandmother Mrs. Grant-Richards was at the wedding, and her paternal grandfather Mr. Alfred Taylor. It was a family gathering for him as his daughter, Mrs. John Turnbull, was there with her husband, also his six sons and their families. Besides the bride's father, the other five sons are Lord Grantchester, Mr. Harold Kirwan-Taylor,



## Present among the guests

Mr. John Partridge, his mother Mrs. Claude Partridge, the Hon. Mrs. John Partridge, daughter of Lord Brownlow, and Mr. Claude Partridge, of the firm of antique dealers, were guests at the Mountain wedding

Mr. Gordon Kirwan-Taylor, Mr. Ernest Taylor and Sir Charles Taylor, M.P., who was accompanied by Lady Taylor and their young daughter.

I also saw Lady Grantchester and their son and daughter-in-law the Hon. Kenneth and Mrs. Suenson-Taylor, and their tall son-in-law and pretty daughter Mr. Graeme and the Hon. Mrs. Parish, the latter wearing a gigantic cream coloured mushroom hat. The bride's brother Mr. Peter Kirwan-Taylor was there with his wife, and their daughter was among the little bridesmaids. The bridegroom's pretty sister Mrs. Dane Duetil, wearing a tomato red suit and little black hat, was present with her husband, both looking very fit after a skiing holiday at Klosters. Also among the guests were his aunt, Mrs. Chisholm, and her son-in-law and daughter Capt. and Mrs. Bedford Russell.

## A judge proposed the toast

A brilliant short speech was made by Judge Carl Aarvold, speaking so clearly that everyone heard, proposing the health of Denis and Fleur (who incidentally have known each other since childhood), to which the bridegroom replied very briefly. Then his brother Mr. Nicholas Mountain, who was best man, proposed the health of the bridesmaids with a few amusing words.

Among those who came to wish the young couple happiness were the Marquess of Carisbrooke, Gen. Sir Richard Gale, who is to take over from Field-Marshal Viscount Montgomery in the autumn, and Lady Gale, the bride's stepfather Mr. Charles Hill, her stepmother Mrs. John Kirwan-Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Hill, Mrs. John Hill, Mr. and Mrs. David Hill and their two daughters, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Hobhouse, Lt.-Gen. Sir Charles and Lady Allfrey, Lady Baxter, Mrs. Morley Kennerley and her pretty daughter Diana, Brig. and Mrs. Ronnie Johnston, Mr. and Mrs. John Rogerson and their daughter Mrs. Nicholson, Mr. and Mrs. Zamora, the Mayor of Kensington and his daughter Miss Lucy Fisher, Comtesse de Fregoniere, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Slesinger and their elder son John, Lady Wakefield, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Simpson, Mrs. Christopher Mackintosh, Sir Anthony Lindsay-Hogg, Mr. John and the Hon. Mrs. Partridge, Mr. and Mrs. Smith Grant who were catching the night train back to their home in Scotland where they have such wonderful salmon fishing, Mr. and Mrs. David Mainwaring Roberts back from Switzerland, happily without any sprains or breaks, and Miss Susan Grinling.

Lunching at Claridge's before the wedding I met Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Mackle who had just attended an investiture at Buckingham Palace when the Queen had bestowed the M.V.O. on Mr. Mackle. He has been motor adviser to the Royal Household for the past thirty years, and has had world-wide motoring connections since the earliest days of cars. He joined the Daimler Company as a pupil in 1908 and has been associated with the Company up to his retirement last year from the Stratstone chairmanship. What is really an achievement, and one about which he must feel justly proud, is that in fifty-five years of driving all over the world, he has never been stopped by the police. Mr. Mackle has also only once



THE EARL AND COUNTESS of Harewood arriving at the Dominion Theatre for the premiere of Françoise Sagan's ballet *The Broken Date*. Jennifer writes: "I found it just as clever and exciting as when I saw it in Monte Carlo"



Mr. and Mrs. Jerry Akroyd and Mr. John Slesinger, elder son of the surgeon, Mr. Edward Slesinger, at the reception, held at Claridge's



Mrs. Nicholas Mavroleon, wife of a member of the shipowning family, and Mr. Dane Douetil, brother-in-law of the bridegroom



Mr. David Hill, the Hon. Mrs. Graeme Parish, daughter of Lord and Lady Grantchester, and Mr. Graeme Parish

in all those years made a claim on the insurance. That was in 1912 for a mudguard lost in an Alpine Military Trial!

### An nice band for Princess Grace

After a recent very enjoyable stay in Cannes, I went on to Monte Carlo for two nights. As in Cannes, there was a great number of visitors come to enjoy this wonderful coast which has been bathed in practically non-stop since Christmas. Many friends I met were about Le Bal des Roses in the Sporting Club ten days previously. Prince and Princess Grace were present at this elegant and unique event. On the first morning of my visit, I saw Princess Grace in the Iris where I was staying. She had just been in to have her hair set by M. Charlie and was looking as beautiful—or even more so than any picture has ever shown her. She had a plain gold chain over her hair, which she wore in a simple page-boy style, and a coat over her dress, and was accompanied by her good looking well dressed mother Mrs. Kelly who is staying with her daughter since the birth of her second baby. Quietly and quite unheralded, one or two of the courteous and charming staff of the Hotel de Paris, drove off up to the Palace.

Most visitors had arranged to hire drive-yourself cars while here. It is certainly a pleasure at this time of year to drive Agel to play golf or to the many enchanting little restaurants in distance of Monte Carlo for lunch. The one day my visit lasted, we chose the Chevre d'Or right high up in the old village of Eze,

Here you get an excellent meal with a superb view of the Mediterranean from the terrace or the large glass fronted restaurant, but you must remember to ring up and book a table well in advance.

Among friends I met staying in the Hotel de Paris were Margherita Lady Howard de Walden with Mrs. Long. Lady Howard de Walden had come on from staying with friends in Italy, and when she left Monte Carlo was flying over to stay with friends in Tangier. Lady McKenzie Wood and her three sisters, Mrs. Davis, Mrs. Moss and Mrs. Hamilton Lang, were all staying here, and I met Lady Pascoe who told me her husband Sir John Pascoe was laid up with gout. Comte and Comtesse Douville, Lady Michelham, and the Comtesse de la Rochefoucauld were also at the Paris, where the building of the floor of super new bedrooms and the roof garden grill are making great progress.

In Monte Carlo I also met the Earl and Countess of Mexborough who were staying at the Metropole, Lord Mexborough playing tennis energetically each day. They were among a big Yorkshire contingent which included Lord and Lady Grimthorpe, also playing golf daily, Lady Cayley, Sir Robert and Lady Ropner, Major and Mrs. Percy Legard, and Gen. Sir Colin and Lady Barber. Others staying at the Metropole were the Earl of Lovelace and his sister Lady Evelyn Patrick, the Earl and Countess of Abingdon, Sir Ulick and Lady Mary Alexander (he was unfortunately laid up with pleurisy when I was there), Sir George and Lady Abercromby who had come out from their wonderful home in Scotland, and Capt. and Mrs. Charles Tremayne out from Wiltshire. The latter, always well turned out, was another energetic lawn tennis enthusiast. Sir Francis and Lady Winnington, Sir Hugh and Lady Smiley and her mother Mrs. Beaton—Sir Hugh could only stay for the first week of their visit—Lord and Lady Sackville, who like many of the others are devotees of Monte Carlo, Sir Robert Boothby and Lord and Lady Kenilworth were also here enjoying the sun.

### A few of the "Hermits"

Among friends who told me they would be arriving in Monte Carlo just as I left were the Earl and Countess of Durham, Mr. Francis Williams, Q.C., the Recorder of Birkenhead, and Mrs. Williams, and her brother Sir Adrian Jarvis, and Lord and Lady Evans. The Earl of Lisburne was among the English guests staying at the Hermitage, and enjoying the glorious sunshine each day, as were Col. Desmond Brownlow, Violet Lady Hardy, Col. and Mrs. Guy Westmacott, the Hon. Mrs. Fitzgerald and the Hon. Mrs. Devereux. The Marquess and Marchioness of Headfort are spending the winter in a flat here, and are I hear delighted at the engagement of their son and heir Lord Bective to the Hon. Elizabeth Nall-Cain. I went over to see Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Cleaver at their delightful villa at Cap d'Ail; they had Brig. and Mrs. Hugh Leveson-Gower arriving to stay with them. For amusement in the evening besides the Casino, there are excellent concerts, often a play or ballet, and the *diners de cabaret* every week, as well as the *grands galas* at intervals of three or four weeks. I was sad to leave and now look forward to visiting Monte Carlo again during the summer season, which is always well arranged and very gay.



MRS. GERALD LEGGE at the opening performance of the Sagan ballet. Jennifer writes: "I noticed the neat and well-brushed coiffures of the Countess of Harewood, Mme. Arias and Mrs. Gerald Legge"

## JENNIFER (continued)

From Jamaica I hear that the Earl and Countess of Mansfield have arrived at their lovely home in Ocho Rios, and that Major John and Lady Ursula Abbey are wintering out there, building a most beautiful house on their Belleair estate for which they have Mr. Robert Hartley as architect. Mr. and Mrs. Matthew Mellon are at their home at Mount Pleasant where they were expecting Lady Abertay to stay with them. Sir Harold and Lady Mitchell have been having a succession of guests staying with them at Prospect including Lord Hailes, the Governor-General and Commander-in-Chief of the Federation of the West Indies, who was spending a night there on his tour of the island. The Mitchells gave a cocktail party in his honour at which many friends in the district were present, including Viscount and Viscountess Wimbourne and Lord and Lady Brownlow who have had portrait painter Mr. Edward Halliday and his wife staying with them at Roaring River.

Mr. and Mrs. Stanhope Joel have arrived from Bermuda to their home on the island, which I heard they were thrilled to see, as many alterations and improvements had been made since last year to the house and garden as well as to their very luxurious beach house.

Mr. and Mrs. Denis Smith-Bingham have moved into the new house they have built at Port Antonio; their former home was bought by Baron and Baroness von Thyssen who redecorated it superbly but have not been occupying it this spring. Major and Mrs. Harrison Wallace have been wintering at their lovely home at Fort George, and had Sir Harold and Lady Zia Werner among their guests.

From Montego Bay I hear that Sir William and Lady Wiseman are at their lovely home Content. Lord and Lady Monson, who are at their house near the flourishing Round Hill estate, gave their annual "up the river" party on his birthday which was great fun. Among their guests were Sir Gordon and Lady Munro who have rebuilt their home Bamboo which was destroyed in an earthquake last year, Mr. and Mrs. Everard Gates, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Barford, and Mr. and Mrs. Antony Norman, who all have houses at Round Hill. The Normans gave several parties this season in honour of their house guests, first Baron and Baronne Scipion du Roure, and later the Hon. Peter and Mrs. Samuel.

### Two big nights for balletomanes

After having seen a performance by the Marquis de Cuevas's ballet in Cannes, it was amusing the next week to see the company of the Ballet-Theatre Francaise dancing Francoise Sagan's work *The Broken Date* on the first night of their four-week season at the Dominion Theatre, and the opening of the ballet season at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, the following night. I had seen one of the final rehearsals of Mlle. Sagan's ballet just before it was first produced in Monte Carlo on New Year's Eve. I wrote that I found it clever and exciting. After the opening night at the Dominion, my opinion was the same.

This big theatre was packed. Among the audience were the Earl and Countess of Harewood, the Austrian Ambassador, and the Panamanian Ambassador with his elegant wife Mme. Arias, better known as Margot Fonteyn. They were sitting next to film producer Mr. Mike Todd and his wife, who wore a very heavily sequined white satin dress and a diamond chain in her hair. Judge John Maude with his wife the Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava, Viscount Bury and Mrs. Magda Buchel made a party of four.

In the interval I saw the lovely Viscountess Masserene and Ferrard, Sir Michael and Lady Balcon, Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Legge, Col. Jackie Ward and Mr. Oliver Messel. I noticed the very neat and well-brushed coiffures of the Countess of Harewood, Mme. Arias and Mrs. Gerald Legge.

The following night there was a tremendous "welcome home" at the Royal Opera House for the Royal Ballet Company, who have been on one of their most successful tours of the United States and Canada. They chose Frederick Ashton's ballet *Sylvia* for their opening night.

Among the audience at this performance were the High Commissioner for Australia and Lady Harrison in the Royal box with the Earl and Countess of Drogheda, Lord and Lady Glendyne, Mr. Victor Stiebel and Lady Daphne Straight. Also at the opening were Lord and Lady Wakehurst, Viscount Soulbury, Sir Kenneth and Lady Clark, the Hon. Iris Peake with three friends, the Hon. Charles and Mrs. Wood, Lady Keynes, Sir John Braithwaite and Mr. Mark Bonham-Carter.

After the ballet we went on to supper at the Savoy Grill where Luigi as usual had the place packed. At the first table sat the Governor of the Bank of England Mr. "Kim" Cobbold and Lady Hermione Cobbold, dining a foursome with Lord and Lady Harcourt, the latter looking very attractive in a dark blue evening dress. Lord Harcourt is also a prominent figure in the banking world and until recently was the United Kingdom Financial Adviser in Washington. At another table were the Earl and Countess of Beauchamp with the Hon. Graham and Mrs. Lampson. Major and Mrs. Malcolm Wombwell had a party dining, too, as did Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Don.



# NEWS PORTRAITS



**ACTRESS** opened in London yesterday, the second lead is 24-year-old Jean Bayless. She stars in the West End for the first time. She was in the Broadway version of *The Boy Friend*. She

In the new Jack Hylton musical comedy, *School*, which opened in London yesterday, the second lead is 24-year-old Jean Bayless. She stars in the West End for the first time. She was in the Broadway version of *The Boy Friend*. She



**PEER** A Tory M.P. for fourteen years, the new Viscount Lambert (centre) now takes his seat in the House of Lords on the death of his father. His elevation causes a by-election in the Torrington division, where the Liberals hope to bring off another Rochdale, with Mr. Mark Bonham Carter as their candidate

**SPORTSGIRL** American tennis star Louise Brough (right), visiting Britain, says she may never play again at Wimbledon, where she was four times women's singles champion. She has just become engaged to a dental surgeon, Dr. Alan Clapp, and may not fancy travelling far for championships



**CADET** Crown Prince Harald of Norway (left) is taking a course at Norway's War College, after passing out last year at the cavalry cadet school. He is on parade for morning inspection. The Crown Prince has recently celebrated his twenty-first birthday



**PILOT** When the Queen Mother flies back to Britain next week her aircraft will be piloted from Mauritius onwards by Captain A. J. R. Duffield (right). He is a London-based pilot of Qantas Empire Airways and has done 15,000 hours' flying all over the world

**HOSTESS** In Britain on a goodwill tour is (centre) Mlle. Christianne Janssens, 25, from Belgium. She will be one of the hostesses at the Brussels World Fair. She brought greetings to London's Lord Mayor, Sir Denis Truscott, and Lady Truscott

Vivienne

As the Rent Act begins to be felt  
many an anxious home-hunting wife  
makes the acquaintance of  
that inscrutable character,  
the Estate Agent

by ANGELA INCE

## I'm under notice to quit

**W**E have had notice to quit. No, that's not absolutely accurate. We simply had a letter from our landlord's agents saying in effect they are sure we understand . . . Rent Act . . . ten years at highly uneconomic rent . . . only fair to themselves . . . we must be aware of high value of property in the district . . . most anxious to do all they can to keep relationship in its present happy standing . . .

They are not all that anxious, however, as we saw when the last paragraph was reached. Charm was sharply discarded, and the typewriter evidently manipulated by mailed fist. The words FIVE-YEAR LEASE at £770 per annum leered up at us.

"They can't do this," screamed my husband, "do you realize that's an increase of over 300 per cent?" The baby laughed delightedly at unexpected sideshow on usually dull meal, while the puppy, showing on the whole a more acute knowledge of human nature, uneasily dragged a piece of newspaper over small puddle under the table.

"It does say inclusive," I said hopefully, looking for a ray of light. My husband asked me to try not to talk rubbish about subjects of which I am entirely ignorant, and added that it would have to be inclusive of food, drink, clothing and wireless licence to be of any use to him. "Well," he went on, "I'm not going to be blackmailed into this. You'd better find another flat. Start in the centre of London and work outwards. You're bound to find something in time."

He went off to work, leaving me to wash the dishes, accompanied by a depressing vision of self, aged eighty-four, still combing outskirts of London for a suitable tenement.

I spent every spare minute of one week besieging estate agents, and at the end of it I was in a position to classify them the moment I walked in their door. They fall, I discovered, into three main groups. (Their only

similarity is that they know exactly what you want, and don't like to be interrupted while they tell you.)

The first are great big grand ones, usually situated in great big grand squares (Hanover, Berkeley or Sloane). They have at least six partners, all of whom are mentioned on their letterhead, and at least six branches in the Home Counties. They also have at least six telephone lines. This is not for the convenience of the customer, as might by the innocent be supposed, but to make absolutely certain that one never speaks to the same person twice. They do this, of course, to ensure the complete muddlement and confusion of the customer.

Estate agents have a protective attitude towards the properties on their books. They look on them as tiny delicate birds, unfit to make the way in the rough world, and at all costs to be kept out of the avaricious hands of possible tenants. All estate agents feel this way (it has been bitterly suggested that they have secret competitions for who can hang on to the most flats the longest) but the grand type have grander and more quelling methods of going about things. I only applied to them because I was told that they are so busy with fifteen-roomed flats in Park Lane and Upper Grosvenor Street that they don't bother about little gems in Kensington or Marylebone, which might with luck, staying power, a camp bed and a supply of provisions, be wormed out of them. This is a myth. What they actually have on their books is any number of twenty-roomed flats in Park Lane and Upper Grosvenor Street. This is the sort of thing that goes on when I nerve myself to enter their halls.

The tone is set when an immaculate young man takes my name, and then says with pen poised "Lady or Mrs.?" He explains that I would be surprised how angry people get when they are addressed by the wrong title. What actually surprises me is that anybody is ever in a position of being



"'They can't do this!' screamed my husband"



"Six partners and six telephones"

angry with an estate agent—my own attitude (possibly this explains lack of results) being one of nervous apology.

Having cleared up the subject of how I prefer to be addressed, we move on to the more important one of what it is I'm looking for. I explain self-consciously that we wish to pay not more than £400. "A month?" says young man, brightening, "ah, then we shouldn't have too much difficulty...." "A year," I say firmly, "and inclusive, of course." (Inclusive of what? Still have no idea, but husband says this is very important.) I add that we are prepared to pay a small premium.

Young man says he thinks he has the very thing. I may have to go a little above my price (emphasis on the word *little*, I later find, means less than nothing), but he has a real gem on his books, and really a bargain, considering all things. He then reads out to me particulars of a flat in Mount Street. I shift uneasily when I hear the location. The accommodation consists of six bedrooms, two bathrooms, three reception, and oddments described as library, study, gentlemen's cloakroom and staff sitting-room. Rent is £600 a year, and the present tenant is letting the furniture and fittings go (rather a curious phrase, taken in conjunction with price) for £2,000. Young man feels sure this will suit me down to the ground. Would very much like to know what it is about my appearance that leads him to believe this, as would certain pains to cultivate it.

However, I bring myself back to earth, telling him shortly if that is his idea of a small premium it is certainly not mine, and rise to go. I am now, he tells me, on their books and as soon as anything comes on to the market, he will certainly let me know. He can save his time if all their properties are like this.

The second type of estate agent could be described as fatherly, except that any father who treated his children as they do their clients would be in continual communication with the N.S.P.C.C. Their offices are situated on good-class main roads (Baker Street, St. John's Wood High Street, King's Road, Chelsea). This sort of firm usually consists of two partners (old) who hide themselves away at the back of the premises in little glass-paned offices. They are too busy and too important to interview mere clients, that is, until the clients have visited the office at least three times. I find, when I go in, that they are invariably guarded by a glowering secretary, who takes no pains to disguise her dislike and contempt of me. (This is not a personal thing; it is simply that she herself is looking for a flat, and so are most of her relatives, and if she can't get one, why on earth should I?)

After the third visit, however, I am treated as an old and valued client, invited into the inner office, and given cigarettes and advice. The advice is along the lines of: "You stay where you are, m'dear—we certainly can't get you anything better." If pressed for a property to view they send me out to vast bosomy houses on the other side of the Regent's Canal. When

I return indignantly to their offices they look at me with kind blue eyes, and say wistfully: "You could have a family of fourteen there, and never notice it." It is in fact impossible to persuade them, without being abrupt, that I do not need a nursery suite, even if it has its own dear little kitchen and you can see the Crystal Palace on a clear day.

I leave their office feeling that they are more unhappy about my plight than I am, but then where does that get me?

The third type of agent is frankly a last resort. The office is located in a back street, and has numerous cards on a little board outside, selling anything from flats to prams, bicycles and caravans. It also describes itself in a big way as Ticket Agent for West End Theatres—though, going by appearances, a request for anything more recent than a stage box for *Merrie England* would probably send them into a fearful tizzy. Inside, I find a blowsy old lady with cigarette ash on her lace modesty vest and in

her coffee cup. Her desk is covered with papers, which are yellow with age. "And what can I do for you, my dear?" she says, as I hesitate in front of her. I overcome a tendency to say "nothing" and flee, and mention a flat. She beams. "I can give you two alternatives," she says joyfully.

I can't believe my ears. But disillusionment soon arrives. One involves living in a basement in Camden High Street. The rent is 35s. a week. Reasonable enough, I think, until I discover that I am expected to scrub the stairs once a week, empty dustbins and take in parcels. The other is in Notting Hill Gate. Seeing that I look doubtful, she says in a wheedling way: "Nice and near the new Tube station—lovely for transport." "Wouldn't it be a bit noisy?" I say. She scoffs at this, and reluctantly I go and view.

It is in fact so near the Tube station that the only reason London Transport hasn't snapped it up for a booking office is that it isn't big enough. The flat hiccupps and sways uneasily as

trains go by, and I can distinctly hear two female porters carrying on a conversation about 'im and 'is 'igh-handed ways. The agent looks at me beguilingly and says: "Better than the music halls, isn't it?" "Yes, but we've got television," I answer firmly. The general impression is that if you leant too far out of the kitchen window you would find yourself spinning round the Inner Circle.

I leave this agent while she is trying to sell me the idea of a cosy caravan.

In the end we are taking over the flat of some friends who are moving to the country. It is exactly what we want, bang in the centre of London, and we can almost afford the rent. It was being handled by an agent whom I had visited every day for a week. When I asked him why he hadn't mentioned it, he looked at me evasively and said: "Well, there was a month or two of the lease to run, so we didn't rush it."

He couldn't deceive me, though. I know exactly what his plan was. He was saving it up to offer to someone who was looking for a cottage in Kent.



"... with cigarette ash on her lace modesty vest and in her coffee cup . . ."



THREE ABSTRACT PAINTINGS by Roger Hilton, who says his purpose is to make his pictures "act on the surrounding space." Left: Colours placed to "look like parts of larger bodies outside the picture." Centre: The artist sees an unintentional figure in this. Right: "Unconscious figuration" again

## Encounter with an abstract man

by ALAN ROBERTS

**H**EADLINES came to a young artist lately who made his "pictures" by an unconventional method. His name was William Green and he laid a piece of hardboard on the ground, poured stove enamel over the board and then rode around on a bicycle in the paint or paddled in it with his feet to produce "surface interest."

Not long before, Salvador Dali was reported to have illustrated a fabulous edition of *Don Quixote* (the first copy sold for £8,000, a further three for £800 each) by filling snail shells with ink and shooting them from an ancient blunderbuss at virgin lithographic stones.

The layman's immediate reaction may be to say, "They're crazy." But both Mr. Green and Mr. Dali could argue that they are extending the frontiers of abstract art, a world in which the only rules are those the artist makes for himself.

Young Mr. Green, still a student at the Royal College of Art, had earlier come under the influence of America's "Action" painters who throw, flick, squirt, kick, pour, scrape, wipe, smear or scrub the paint on their canvases to produce "accidental" effects.

Mr. Dali, though he would probably hate to admit it, was merely following in the footsteps of the Tachists—the French counterparts of the Action painters—whose pictures, as their name implies, are made up of blots and trickles produced by dribbling the paint on to the canvas from above.

These are but two of the avenues—I nearly said blind alleys—into which nearly fifty years of experiment have led abstract artists. The recent exhibition at the Tate Gallery of the work of Kandinsky, who painted the first consciously abstract picture in 1910, gave a revealing insight into the origins of these developments. It also indicated that they have not developed far.

But though abstract painting has been with us so long and has had an effect on everyone's life (in architecture, poster art and industrial design) the layman is still no nearer understanding what it is all about than he was when it first appeared. And the flood of manifestoes, statements and testaments made by the artists themselves, and couched in a jargon even more esoteric than their paintings, does nothing to help.

The truth of this came to me forcibly when, at the Institute of Contemporary Arts where his work is now on show—and where he is described as one of the most important painters now working in Britain—the forty-six year old abstract painter Roger Hilton tried to help me to understand his ideas.

Mr. Hilton, a lean professional type who teaches drawing at London County Council's Central School of Arts and Crafts, is neither a Tachist nor an Action painter. His work has been described as "non-figurative expressionism" but it is not a description with which he entirely agrees.

When I suggested that he has pushed abstraction to its limit he waved a hand around the gallery and said :

"On the contrary, these are nearly all figurative paintings. Look at this one for instance."

We were standing in front of a large canvas bearing a rough red rectangle and five irregular splodges of black on a white background.

"When I painted it in 1954 I thought it was non-figurative, but being it again after a few years I realize that it is a figure. This," he said, pointing to the red mass, "is a body. The black patches are legs and breasts."

He did not seem at all perturbed that his non-figurative painting had betrayed him. He no longer has any conscious desire to be non-figurative or figurative. In his development he has, "worked right through from conscious figuration to conscious non-figuration to sub-conscious non-figuration and figuration."

He is proud of his painting technique which he learnt from Bissiere, "who lived next door to Picasso and Braque." He uses traditional tools—brushes and palette knife—and, while admitting that he may come round to it one day, he has no time at the moment for artists who paint with their boots. "There is a lot of muck about," he says, dismissing them.

Exactly what his technique is he was reluctant to reveal. "There are certain artists," he confided, "who, if they knew as much about technique as I do, would be able to do what I am doing better than I am doing it."

I looked again at the canvases on the walls and assured him that he was being too modest. But I cannot have sounded convincing for they seemed to have no more of what I understand by "technique" than there is in kindergarten painting. The paint is scrubbed on with a brush or spread on with a painting knife as broadly as a plasterer spreads plaster.

The artist talked on. "In much painting today we are being given paint which is delightful but which has not been put to the sterner but ultimately more rewarding task of presenting something other than itself so that itself becomes transfigured in the process."

This was too much for me and my stupidity was too much for Mr. Hilton. He blinked confusedly through his round-rimmed spectacles and suggested that it might be better for both of us if I were to go home and read some of the things he and other people have written about his work.

So for the past few days I have been struggling through a little book called *Nine Abstract Artists* in which Mr. Hilton—who writes forcibly and, for an abstract man, lucidly—says of himself, "The abstract painter . . . is like a man swinging out into the void; his only props his colours, his shapes and their space-creating powers. Can he construct with these means a barque capable of carrying not only himself to some further shore but, with the aid of others, a whole flotilla which may be seen, eventually, as having been carrying humanity forward to their unknown destination?"

No one can expect to understand this sort of statement at one go, so I read and re-read it until I feel its significance is beginning to dawn upon me. Then I go along to the gallery in Dover Street, take another look at Mr. Hilton's pictures and know I have not understood a damn thing.



The Hon. Lady Lowson gave a party at her Arlington Street flat for her debutante daughter Miss Melanie Lowson, who wore a pale blue silk dress



Mr. Richard Westmacott with the Hon. Elizabeth Nall-Cain, who is engaged to the Earl of Bechtive, and Mr. Clem Mitford

## A Mayfair party for a debutante



The 150 young guests included Mr. D. Dickins, with Miss Christa Slater, daughter of Mrs. Geoffrey Rootes

Miss Lois Denny, daughter of Mrs. A. Denny, was at the party with Mr. Michael Miller

Mr. David Lyon and Miss Sandra Maynard were others at this early debutante event

Captain Piers Dunkerley, Royal Marines, and Miss Elfrida Eden, Lady (Timothy) Eden's daughter



Desmond O'Neill

Miss Diane Kirk, daughter of Mrs. Duncan Kirk, Miss Serena Villiers-Smith, daughter of Mrs. J. Villiers-Smith, and Miss G. Scott, Lady George Scott's daughter



Miss Penelope Bradford, coming out this year, with Miss Caroline Dowding, a debutante two years ago



The Hon. Camilla Jessel, granddaughter of the dowager Marchioness of Londonderry, and Mr. Paul Gunn, son of Mr. James Gunn, the painter

# Roundabout

## Rhesus Positive is so down-to-earth

by MONICA FURLONG

MISS FURLONG is the journalist wife of an engineer. Her ambitions are to have four children and to write a successful novel. At twenty-eight she can report progress with the first ambition—she has recently become the mother of a baby girl



New women  
officers  
at Hawkinge

The Duchess of Gloucester flew to Hawkinge for the passing-out parade of No. 44 entry of officer cadets. After luncheon in the officers' mess, the Duchess bestowed the Sash of Merit on P/O Pamela Maie Sayer. The Station Commander, Group Officer J. L. A. Conan Doyle, daughter of the famous author, helped her cope with the wind

MOTHERHOOD is an overcrowded profession. This I discovered when I visited a maternity hospital to make my reservation. "We can just squeeze you in for the end of December, dear," they said generously, though daffodils were still blooming sweetly in the hospital garden. I also discovered how *demeure* is the traditional dramatic announcement of pregnancy. In films there is the significant swoon while the members of the audience nudge one another knowingly. Then: "Rodney darling, there is something I must tell you. We...you...I...that is...we're going to have a baby." Tearful clinch.

The truth is far different. "Well, darling, the Ascheim-Zondek test is positive, I've fixed up at Queen Adelaide's, my blood pressure's normal and I'm rhesus positive. I've joined the Natural Childbirth Association, applied for my cheap orange juice, ordered my copy of Benjamin Spock, sent for a catalogue of maternity clothes and rung up Mummy. She's already gone out and bought a dozen gauze squares." And so it goes on—all much, much more indelicate than you could expect any dear old-fashioned film producer to guess.

But a lot of the fun has gone out of pregnancy. Me, I've wanted all my life to be an invalid. Not actually in any *pain*, you understand, but chained to a comfortable couch palely digesting grapes like Cousin Helen in *What Katy Did*. And passionately adored, needless to say, by all who entered my sickroom. Here, I thought, was the opportunity to abandon the rude health I've been a martyr to for so long. Not a bit of it. The Grantly Dick-Readers have blown all that pretty nonsense sky-high and invested motherhood in a homespun cloak of common sense.

I duly went to classes and learnt how to relax, to pant like a dog, and all the rest of it; and, speaking as one who learnt wisdom before the event, it works. Yes, some of the sting has gone out of motherhood—but also, I must whisper, the romance. The old myths are collapsing like one o'clock, crumbling like taboos in the path of Christian missionaries. One does hanker, though.

While the horror may have departed from childbirth, it is still omnipresent in hospital life. "Hospitals," a smart acquaintance of mine likes to say, "are only for the healthy." And, of course, he is right. Nobody in a weakened condition can possibly endure them. The nurses are wonderful, it's perfectly true, but I wonder whether some of the sisters, matrons, doctors, and administrative staff of hospitals are equally wonderful. Whether they make the best use of the resources they have to secure patients' happiness and comfort. Whether it is not time to abandon the Nightingale fetish and form a new philosophy of nursing. I shall long remember:

(1) The five o'clock reveille. "Good morning, ladies. Temperatures please."

(2) The bad food on cold plates served just as dinnerless husbands arrived at 7 p.m.

(3) The rebukes administered to nurses by the sisters in the presence of patients.

(4) The unceasing wail of babies in the small hours of the morning



Miss T. Hanlon watched the passing-out parade with her parents, Group Captain and Mrs. T. J. Hanlon. The Group Captain is Deputy Director of Personnel



## BRIGGS

by Graham

because the fashionable theory dictates that mothers and babies should never be separated day or night.

(5) The time they woke me out of my one sound sleep to give me a sleeping pill.

Fatigue, fatigue! I came home more exhausted than ever in my life before! I bemoaned the day I forsook the quiet by-ways of newspaper work for the hurly-burly of the hospital. The endless clatter and banging nurtured the bizarre fancy that I was a political prisoner being tailored for brain-washing. It seemed probable that I should become a broken woman, spending the rest of my life like David Copperfield's Dora "getting over childbirth."

One advantage of being Dora or any other Victorian heroine would be that she had time to read. Does anyone read any more? Last year I made a list of eight masterpieces that I was determined to read before another New Year came round. Mercifully I lost the list about June and couldn't remember the last few. But I seem to recall something about Tolstoy, Dostoevsky, Proust and Thomas Mann.

My score at the end of the year was two and a half, which speaks volumes (unreal volumes) about my character. Sometimes I think my mind has an insatiable appetite for snacks, as opposed to square literary meals. Serials in Sunday papers, for example, have me agog—G.I. Slave Brides and the Russian Revolution. Lovely! Indeed the Russian serial has become so breathtakingly exciting that sometimes I wonder whether the revolution wasn't invented by a lady novelist living in Surbiton with snow on her boots. But after all there is Kruschev in the Kremlin to show

that *something* pretty fishy did happen in 1917. Maybe I would find *War And Peace* equally readable as L. Tolstoy's War Memoirs, read in snippets over the bacon and eggs? And *The Woman In White* would be irresistible as "Aristocrat's Slave Bride—Heiress tells inside story of Life with Sadist."

Heiresses seem to get into everything these days in any case. However constitutionally unromantic one is, it is impossible not to notice the frequency with which they elope.

Personally I never eloped, but I am an heiress. One, moreover, who has inherited her legacy. It came to me on the death of an elderly relative when I was eight years old and consisted of a huge Victorian brass bedstead. So far as I know Ann Hathaway and I are the only legatees of this kind in history. In my case the bequest must have been made because I liked doing back somersaults over the foot-rail on to the bed. The springs used to yield with an appalling medley of screams and clangs. Another likeable feature of the bed was that one could unscrew the big brass knobs and throw them at one's sister.

Of course I would not have dared to make my good fortune known publicly if my eloping days were not over. It would be so humiliating to discover that one had been married merely for one's bed-knobs. I suppose it could happen in the case of a circus artist looking for a cheap trampoline. As it was my husband married me in ignorance of the wealth in store. Later he remained unmoved and refused to cancel his order for a long, low bed of Swedish descent. I haven't had the chance of a really good back somersault now in years.



Flight Officer Muriel Manchester, the Flight Commander of the passing-out O.C.T.U. course, with Lord Cornwallis, the Lord Lieutenant of Kent

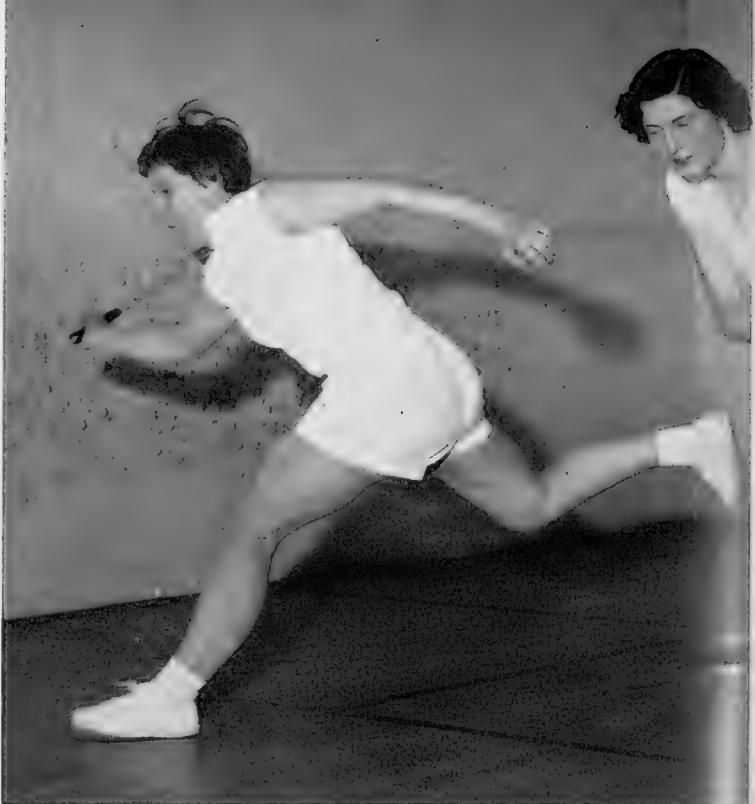


Mrs. W. E. Jones, with her daughter, P/O Pamela Jones, after the parade. P/O Jones was one of the cadets who passed out



P/O Mary Finch, who had just passed-out, with her brother W/Cdr. J. Finch, who was formerly Wing Commander, Flying, at Farnborough

Van Hallan



## Women's squash at the Lansdowne Club

Miss Janet Morgan, in play in the final (above), won the women's squash rackets championship for the ninth time in succession. Lady Anne Lytton (left) presented the trophy. With them is the runner-up, Mrs. H. G. Mackintosh



Mrs. H. R. J. Townsend (right) won the Veterans' Cup, beating Mrs. J. M. Hall who is with her



Watching the big match from the club's tiered seats were Mrs. H. V. Nichol and Miss P. M. Phillips

Miss H. M. Jones, hon. sec. of the championship committee, with Mrs. H. J. Stribling (left), the hon. treasurer, and Mrs. C. B. Mills, chairman



Mrs. G. E. Marshall, of Kenya (right), won the Ladies' Plate, beating Mrs. K. Tomlin

Desmond O'Neill





## The hobby of kings

by MICHAEL FURNELL



King George V once said that he did not think he could have withstood the strain of World War I without the relaxation he obtained from his stamp collection. He built up a collection running to several hundred red volumes, which were housed in a special room at Buckingham Palace. King George VI, also a keen philatelist, maintained his father's collection, while at the same time forming a separate one of the issues of his own reign.

The Queen has also taken an interest in stamp-collecting and philatelists hope that Prince Charles will keep up this Royal tradition.

The extent of the Royal Collection was disclosed in a magnificent volume published a few years ago: *The Royal Philatelic Collection*, by Sir John Wilson, the Keeper of the Collection. Every copy was bound in a whole goatskin and contained details and many pictures of the Royal stamps.

Some of the world's finest collections will be on display later this month at the National Stamp Exhibition, to be held at the Central Hall, Westminster. Sir John Wilson will show an exhibit of the stamps of Moldo-Wallachia, a nineteenth-century Balkan principality.

Collecting postage stamps as a hobby began about twenty years after the issue of the first stamp—Britain's famous penny black. Britain's stamp designs have remained conservative, but colonial and foreign stamps reflect contemporary topics, as some of the newest designs on this page show. Though a good collection can be extremely valuable—the Royal stamps must by now be priceless—many collectors are content to find their pleasure in the variety and colour of the multitudinous designs.

KING GEORGE VI (top), poring over some of his stamps with Sir John Wilson, Keeper of the Collection. Latest designs (left) include a technical education motif (Malta), the Annigoni portrait of the Queen, the Sputnik and a rocket (Russia), and Princess Grace of Monaco

## PRISCILLA IN PARIS

# The decline of Mardi Gras

I FEEL like the goat in one of Grimm's fairy tales who said : "I am so full, I cannot pull . . . another blade of grass"! I am writing on Mardi Gras, Shrove Tuesday—and I have been to a pancake party. There are pancakes and pancakes. They range from the delicate crepes Suzette, that are light flickers of gastronomic enjoyment made at table in a chafing dish with all the correct ritual, to the satisfying ersatz variety, into the composition of which entered any floury ingredients—even mashed potatoes—one could get hold of during the war. Those I have eaten today were betwixt and between; neither the biliously rich Suzette nor the stodgy ersatz that filled a hungry void. But they were succulently tempting and my unwise appetite has made me feel like the brothers Jacob and Wilhelm's goat!

The Mardi Gras used to be enormous fun when, masked and disguised, we sarabanded through the streets and fought great battles with confetti. Now it is only the children who are dressed up, and their fancy dresses, that are still gay and charming, are made—it must be confessed in a whisper—of crinkly paper. We no longer feel like dancing in our over-congested streets and the throwing of confetti is discouraged because it is unhygienic!

The party I attended was at Jean and Catherine Edelmann's lovely old house in the rue du Cherche-Midi that dates from the seventeenth century. Dancing took place in Jean's studio, and pancakes were tossed in the raftered kitchen with its black and white stone floor. The huge rooms are gorgeous for parties, but rather difficult to heat during a really cold winter. However, the three children, Isabelle, Frederick and Marc, play bicycle-polo in the dining and drawing-rooms which keeps everybody warm! Papa, mama, the old nannie and the lady-of-the-pail-and-mop have to repair the damage.

More art. M. Jourcin's one-man show of animal studies is having almost as great a success as Bernard Buffet's dramatic interpretations of the various phases of Joan of Arc's career. Once more, on varnishing day, *Tout Paris* flocked to a small gallery in one of the more sombre streets of the faubourg St. Germain. On this occasion the spectators seemed somewhat self-conscious and were almost inclined to smirk. (Perhaps the Maid of Domremy would have smirked at B.B.'s show, too; but the artist's detractors vow that she is more likely to be turning in her grave.) M. Jourcin's portraits are all of our dear, domestic pets who are, of course, members of the *tou-tou* Paris! He has done excellent work, so true to life—barking likenesses!

Mme. Alice Cocea's long-haired Teckel is really a handsome creature and M. Jourcin has done it justice. Francis Carco's poodle, O.K., has all the dignity that old age is supposed to confer. He is eighteen years old. Since one year of a dog's life is supposed to equal seven for a human being, this means that O.K. is fifty-six years older than his master. Rather an uncomfortable thought, whichever way one looks at it. Treated in an elegant, Boldini manner, Juliette Greco's whippet was greatly admired. It is named Crocodile, which seems rather a grim name for such a fragile creature. On the other hand Zouma sounds a little romantic for the chevalier d'Orgeix's puma, whose eyes have a baleful glint even on canvas.

The hero of the afternoon was Kiki, Fernand Gravet's dog, who appeared in flesh and blood and also in his master's arms. He was immediately recognized and made much of. Kiki, about whose ancestry we will not inquire, is a little, white, smooth-haired animal with the sort of eyes that do funny things to a dog lover's heart. He was rescued by Fernand Gravet and his lovely wife, Jane Renouardt, from a bad accident, and nursed back to a happy dog-life despite the amputation of a front paw. In the past Gravet used to breed Airedales and had some magnificent animals. Now only Kiki remains. Between ourselves what Jane, Fernand and Kiki feel



On the quai de Bethune, Ile St. Louis

about each other is just nobody's business but their own. As the French say : "The king is not Kiki's cousin" . . . or should it be "president"?

The gala premiere of the Roland Petit's Ballets de Paris ballet season at the Alhambra gave us an evening of perfect pleasure. Led by Marshal Juin, all the first night habitues were present : ministers, ambassadors, important writers, elderly academicians, producers, famous composers, dress designers, innumerable stage and screen stars and, as somebody gravely remarked, three Rothschilds. The usual crowd in fact but much happier and gayer than usual and all the young people were wearing their very best bibs and tuckers and manners.

Three creations figured on the programme. *Counterpoint* was danced by the whole company. It arrived on the stage, via the orchestra pit, in practice dress, and demonstrated how-it-is-all-done. *The Lady Of The Lake* revealed a remarkable newcomer, Veronika Mlakar, partnered by Dick Saunders, and the *Rose Of The Winds* of which the music is by Darius Milhaud was danced by Roland Petit and Zizi Jeanmaire. It seems that Paris must discontinue calling Mme. Jeanmaire "Zizi" which, after all, is only a pet name. Roland Petit, who, as everyone knows, is her husband, presents her as : "A Dancer Named Jeanmaire." We stand corrected of our own accord and will also add "madame."

The revival of *Carmen*, that we first saw a few years ago, had an enthusiastic welcome. Roland Petit and Mme. Jeanmaire are perfect partners, their admirable dancing is enhanced by what may be called a science of attitudes that no other dancers possess to the same degree.

A reception was held on the stage after the performance. A really happy party, with congratulations and embracings that were truly sincere, smiles and laughter. There were lots of lovely frocks (although we haven't all had time to shorten our skirts yet) and this always creates a felicitous atmosphere. Many were worn with the new Dior evening coats of heavy satin lined with dyed mink. Even the men brought a note of gaiety to the scene. One of them overdid it and added a rather regrettable octave. He wore a dinner jacket suit of royal blue brocade patterned with black flowers and, at time of writing, we have not yet quite recovered from the shock. Jean Cocteau was inclined to go all Diorish also ; his camel-hair greatcoat was lined with cream coloured nylon "fur," but of course Jean is a genius and may do as he pleases.



## A ball in memory of Washington

America's first president, George Washington, was remembered by a ball held in honour of the 226th anniversary of his birthday. The proceeds from this event, held at Claridge's, went to the English Speaking Union Education Trust



Left: Beside this painting of George Washington stand Mr. D. W. Boissevain and his wife Mme. Antoinette Boissevain, the portrait painter. She is Washington's closest living relative. Her great-great-grandfather's great-grandmother and Washington's grandfather were brother and sister



A Washington birthday cake was cut at midnight by Mrs. John Whitney, watched by her husband (the U.S. Ambassador) and Countess Alexander of Tunis



General E. Moore is the commander of the U.S. Air Force in Britain. With him at this ball was Mrs. Moore



Mr. Robert Hooker was received by Mrs. Rex Benson, who is the hon. treasurer of the English Speaking Union, and Lady Daphne Straight

Among many guests from Britain and America present were Lord Marley, the film producer, and Lady Marley

Van Hallan

Maj.-Gen. William H. Blanchard, of the U.S. Army staff in Britain, and Mrs. Blanchard



## AT THE THEATRE

# Norman Wisdom where the nuts come from

ANTHONY COOKMAN

ONE would have supposed that *Charley's Aunt* had everything to lose by being turned into a musical. It is the fastest farce ever set in motion (and in what begins to look like perpetual motion), and music, while appearing to heighten the speed of a comic action, is in fact nothing but a drag. But one would have been entirely wrong. *Where's Charley?* has taken ten years to reach the Palace Theatre from Broadway. It makes an instant success, scoring with both barrels. The tripping trousered legs and flying skirts of the immortal aunt are given a rhythmic lift and the familiar and well loved fun of the old farce is kept going with little or no slackening. What more can you want?

I am inclined to agree that it is the best American musical since *Oklahoma!* That is a rather large claim, and to make it good full credit must be given to those who have taken infinite trouble to see that the show is properly staged. The presenters have found the right director in Mr. William Chappell, the right leading comedian in Mr. Norman Wisdom; the singing is good, the dancing brilliant and a ballet interlude expertly imaginative; and thrown in, as it were, is Miss Pip Hinton, an enchantingly mischievous new musical comedy star. So many American musicals of recent years have made a flat impression simply because this kind of trouble has not been taken with their English presentation.

The material itself was well worth the pains taken with it. Mr. Frank Loesser's music and lyrics, though scaling no notable summits, have the wit and verve characteristic of the author of *Guy's And Dolls*, and Mr. George Abbott's adroitly respectful book actually improves on the original plot. Charley's Aunt is now Charley himself, and that means that he continually has to disappear while his aunt takes the stage. His disappearances raise dark suspicions in Amy's breast, and to dispel these suspicions the hapless youth has to pop back at frequent intervals to protest his untarnished devotion. The rearrangement cuts Lord Fancourt Babberley clean out, but without him the story seems as funny as ever and it is a positive advantage to be rid of the third and never altogether satisfactory love affair.

What happens, then, is that the farce which is nearly enough the farce that we all remember is given plenty of time to establish itself. When that has been done an extremely well drilled chorus takes a hand, and for a

Pip Hinton as Amy Spettigue  
Glan Williams

while the farce and the musical adaptation dance happily hand in hand. This, I think, is the evening's best period and it reaches a climax in an exhilarating ballet into which Miss Hinton and Mr. Wisdom interpolate a delicious extravaganza symbolizing teasing impudence and dead-pun devotion, she all Brazilian devilry and he countering with gestures borrowed from "Monsewer" Eddie Gray. After the interval the combination of farce and musical comedy is somewhat roughly broken so that Mr. Wisdom may abound in his own versatility. Although this may grieve the sticklers for form, clearly it delights the rest of the house, and steps are duly taken before the end comes to appease the sticklers.

This solo turn shows the familiar Mr. Wisdom whirling and twirling in an ecstasy of good humour, crooning little songs and after affecting to play various instruments startling us with a jolly and well sustained rally on the hunting horn. But this turn is really an excrescence on his performance proper in which he adds considerably to his stature as a comedian. His Charley's aunt is as saucily genteel as could be wished, extremely funny and remarkably restrained. He is always tripping over his own feet, he is always hurling himself backwards over chairs and he is always, of course, running, but everyone of these movements is so nicely calculated and so perfectly timed that put together they come out as a first-rate farcical performance.

What makes the evening for the audience is the lucky circumstance that whenever there is a good lyric or a good dance there is always someone to exploit it effectively.

Miss Hinton rises deliciously to Mr. Loesser's best lyric, "Make A Miracle," becoming bewitched as a young miss of the 'nineties with the vision of "horseless carriages" which her lover boldly predicts will be the outcome of the internal combustion engine. Mr. Terence Cooper and Miss Pamela Gale sing charmingly one of the leading sentimental lyrics, and Miss Marion Grimaldi and Mr. Jerry Desmonde, she exquisite in lilac shaded dress carrying a heliotrope parasol, he with ambassadorial dignity, sing no less charmingly their autumnal romance. Mr. Felix Felton is comically indefatigable as the billowing, breathlessly hilooing Mr. Spettigue. Altogether a "must" for devotees of the light musical theatre.



WHERE'S CHARLEY? (Palace Theatre). Norman Wisdom (left) is the latest, liveliest dame from Brazil. He has received high praise for his performance as the undergraduate who masquerades as his own aunt. Beside him is Felix Felton, the father of his beloved Amy. Right: The courtship between Marion Grimaldi, the real, but fetching aunt, and Jerry Desmonde, the diplomatic Sir Francis Chesney. Drawings by Glan Williams

## In Dublin's fair city

DEIRDRE O'CONAIRE, 19, was for five years second ballerina with the Yugoslav State Ballet. Now she is with the Festival Ballet, and made her debut in Dublin, the city where she spent her childhood, at the end of last month. She danced in *Concerti* by David Lichine, to the music of Vivaldi and Marcello

## At London's OH Vic

PAUL OGERS has the title role in the OH Vic's latest presentation of *King Lear*. Critics have regretted a lack of passion in his interpretation, but he has praised the many fresh details he has pinpointed. With him (below) are Jack Gwillim as Kent and Paul Daneman as the Fool



Mike Davis





THE  
TATLER

# At the West Kent Hunt Ball



Miss Elizabeth Cullin of Plaxtol, a hunt follower, Mr. John Young and Miss Judy Cullin. The ball was held at the Wildernes Country Club, at Seal, near Sevenoaks



Mr. Jeremy Thornton, stepson of Sir John Johnson the new joint-Master, with Miss Joanna Priest, a 1958 debutante, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. T. Priest



Miss Natalie Blakiston and Mr. David Godsall. The before-dawn breakfast was

Mr. Michael French and Miss Diana Scougall. Dancing went on for five hours

Miss Margaret Cooper and Mr. Brian Allfrey

Mr. Brian Allfrey and Miss V...  
of Col. and Mr.





Lt. Hannington of the Royal Electrical & Mechanical Engineers, Mrs. Tom Chappell, Mr. and Mrs. F. C. South, Mr. C. Briscoe and Miss Diana Chambers



Miss Jill Kelly, Mr. Brian Stevens, Mr. Robin Rattle and Miss Babette Blackler were among the guests, who numbered about two hundred



Col. A. Gaselee, of Shipbourne, near Tonbridge, who has been Master of the pack since 1952, with Mrs. Williamson, wife of Col. T. C. Williamson

This year this event was followed in the 1770s.  
as several times the ball broke up

Mr. Ernest Roy, the film producer, and  
Mrs. Roy



Miss Anne Fillingham-Brown and  
Lt. Michael Warren



Desmond O'Neill

## CINEMA

# The shopgirl shoots it out

## with the Wehrmacht

ELSPETH GRANT

**M**AJOR DANIEL ANGEL, producer, and Mr. Lewis Gilbert, director of *Carve Her Name With Pride*, assure me that their film tells the true, fully authenticated story of Mrs. Violette Szabo—the first English-woman to be awarded the George Cross for her services during the last war. I have no difficulty in believing them: their subject—the heroism of an ordinary young woman—has been handled without any heroics and the film, devoid of dramatic flourishes and untainted by emotionalism, is completely convincing and deeply moving.

Mrs. Szabo (Miss Virginia McKenna) was a Brixton shopgirl, the daughter of a working-class Englishman (Mr. Jack Warner) and a French-woman (Miss Denise Grey). She was a lively girl, a fine athlete and a crack shot. Shortly after Dunkirk she met and married a young French officer (M. Alain Saury). Two years later he was killed. At twenty-two she was a widow with a small daughter.

Mrs. Szabo spoke perfect French and, because of this and her other special qualifications, she was asked if she would join the secret British organization designed to aid French resistance. Aware that she would be risking her life, she joined. She trained as a parachutist, was taught judo, the lethal tricks of the Commandos and how to use a Sten gun.

With another British agent (Mr. Paul Scofield) she was dropped by parachute in occupied France, to contact the few survivors of a Resistance group and pass on orders for the blowing-up of a viaduct. She carried out her mission successfully and returned to England via Paris—bringing with her a Molyneux evening gown and a frock for her little girl.

She was under no obligation to accept a second mission, but trained agents were scarce and she felt it her duty to do so. She was again parachuted into France—where, through the misguided enthusiasm of a trigger-happy French farmer, she was forced to fight it out with a company of German troops. Single-handed, she accounted for sixty-two of them before her ammunition ran out and she was captured.

Thrown into Fresne prison, Mrs. Szabo endured humiliation and torture in stubborn silence: nothing could make her give away the secret code with which she had been entrusted. For this she was sent to Ravensbruck and ultimately shot—a matter of days before the arrival of the liberating Allied forces.

Miss Virginia McKenna's performance is the best she has ever given. Her Mrs. Szabo is, as she should be, a perfectly ordinary girl, speaking in the slightly Cockney accents of South London—an unremarkable person who, caught up in situations which clearly seem to her scarcely credible, finds within herself the most remarkable reserves of resolution and fortitude. There is profound pathos in the bedraggled figure facing the firing squad in the execution pit—but in the spirit that lifts her head at the last moment there is nothing but courage. I do not think you will be able to contain your tears.

Strongly reminiscent of "Quiet Wedding," *Happy Is The Bride*, directed by Mr. Roy Boulting, is just another of those cosy, British, country-house comedies which must lead foreigners to believe that, despite the relentless march of progress and the advent of sputniks

PAUL SCOFIELD, as agent Tony Fraser, awaits a rendezvous with Resistance heroine Violette Szabo (Virginia McKenna) in *Carve Her Name With Pride*



in the night sky, the tenor of life in England's green and pleasant land remains blissfully unchanged.

That nice Mr. Ian Carmichael and that dear girl Miss Janette Scott play the young engaged couple who are driven half-demented by all the fuss and confusion entailed by preparations for their wedding. Mr. Cecil Parker gives, as usual, an exquisitely polished performance as the father of the bride, Mr. John Le Mesurier bristles beautifully as the neglected father of the bridegroom. Miss Joyce Grenfell is every maiden aunt you ever met and Mr. Miles Malleson is the most darling, doddering old J.P. who ever graced the Bench. Miss Elvi Hale sparkles as a pert intruder from the Chelsea Set, and Mr. Terry-Thomas glooms effectively as a country policeman. It is all good clean fun—familiar but welcome as an old friend.

In *April Love*, Mr. Pat Boone, a pleasing newcomer, plays a Chicago boy who is put on probation for borrowing a car without the owner's permission. He is sent to a Kentucky farm where his uncle, Mr. Arthur O'Connell, breeds trotting-horses. Mr. Boone, pining for the city sidewalks, sulks a good deal. His aunt begs Mr. O'Connell to bear with him: the young, she explains, have strange emotional experiences. "Wait," says Mr. O'Connell morosely, "until he grows up and has to pay taxes: that's a real strange emotional experience."

Gradually, with the help of pretty little Miss Shirley Jones, Mr. Boone learns to love country life, to take a healthy interest in horses, and even to win trotting-races. The action is interspersed with a few pleasant songs—sung with a praiseworthy lack of affectation by Mr. Boone and Miss Jones. There are some jolly fairground scenes and a spot of excitement on the race track. This is an eminently wholesome—and quite unforgettable—picture.

Set in a mid-nineteenth century Mexican sugar plantation, *Yambao* is a sort of exotic variation on the theme of *The Gypsy And The Gentleman*. Senorita Nina Sevilla figures in it as a passionate and muscular mulatto, a wild woman of the woods, given to dancing convulsively in a very short shift and the light of the moon. She falls in love with the handsome plantation owner, Senor Ramon Gay, and by practising voodoo cures him of a malignant fever and lures him from his aristocratic blonde wife, Signorina Rosa Elena Durgel. Senor Gay is conscious that he is not playing the game, and when his ever-loving spouse suddenly presents him with a son and heir he has always longed for he says a firm goodbye to Senorita Nina. I don't need to tell you that she comes to no good end.

The Censor has given the film an "X" Certificate—presumably because of Senorita Sevilla's dancing and scanty attire. I, who have seen Mr. Elvis Presley and the latest fashions, found neither of them shocking. A pelvis can only be wiggled so far—and, as Miss Gertrude Stein would say, a sack is a sack is a sack, whether in Mexico or Mayfair. The acting is a bit on the barnstorming side, but the voodoo scenes have a kind of sinister magic and the production can, without fear of contradiction, be described as colourful.



ITALIAN NEWCOMER Georgia Moll takes the feminine lead as a Vietnamese girl in the screen version of Graham Greene's novel *The Quiet American*. It is her first English-speaking part. Michael Redgrave plays opposite her

## News of new productions

BEGINNING PRODUCTION at Pinewood is *J. Arthur Anna*, which will star Leslie Caron and her fellow countryman Louis Jourdan. László Menedék is directing, which is about a husband-and-wife telepathy act.

Cornel Lucas



READY FOR PRESENTATION, but delayed by certificate doubts, is *Peyton Place*, a film of the controversial American novel by Grace Metalious. Diane Varsi (above) is a high school senior in this small-town melodrama. With her is Russ Tamblyn.



OPENING TOMORROW in London is a film about the exploits of Frogman Crabb, *The Silent Enemy*. Here Laurence Harvey, as Crabb, gets a lesson in using diving gear from Michael Craig. The film stops short of the Russian battleship incident in which Crabb drowned.

As  
viewed  
from  
the  
gallery



THE CEILING of the Painted Hall at the Royal Naval College, Greenwich, is being restored. Its expanse of nearly 5,000 square feet was painted by Sir James Thornhill. This is its first cleaning since it was completed in the early eighteenth century, and the task will take two years

BOOK REVIEWS

## Inspired amateurs won the Atlantic Wall game

ELIZABETH BOWEN

RICHARD COLLIER's *Ten Thousand Eyes* (Collins, 18s.) adds further to France's splendid Resistance history : here we meet people, outwardly "ordinary," involved in extraordinary activities. "This," the author tells us, "is a true story about a group of civilians, a stretch of coastline, and a Wall made up of guns and concrete and steel. On one day in history—June 6, 1944—all the war shrank to this stretch of coastline, and to break down this Wall was the most important thing on earth. That we succeeded was due to many factors—not the least being the valour of those civilians."

Fantastic, at the outset, seemed the conception of a network of amateur spies who, in contact with the Intelligence Services in London, should operate between Paris and the Channel coast. Yet it was those men and women, amateurs, quiet folk, of all ages and every class, who cracked Hitler's Western Wall as fast as it rose, in the sense of cracking its vital secrets. And the genius of the operation was this : these people worked without attracting suspicion (or not, that is, up to the very last) by not, apparently, taking a single step outside the orbits of their everyday lives. Simply, they lived with their eyes skinned, missing no opportunity chance gave them, overlooking nothing, reporting the slightest trifle that might relate to the Nazi scheme. And vast proved the value of trifles, once pieced together.

These prosaic-seeming patriots lived the lives of conspirators. Sustendal, country doctor of Luc-sur-Mer, Calvados, and Arsene, the Caen plumber, took full advantage, for instance, of the freedom of movement accorded

them for night emergency calls. Duchez, Caen house-painter, applied successfully for the job of redecorating, inside, Todt Organization's Headquarters : by stupendous luck, a plan of the Wall was carried into the room where he was at work, and he had the nerve first to scan, then hide, then finally pocket it. Jeanne Verinaud, red-headed little stenographer, typed away at a life-and-death document while exchanging backchat with a German officer who had dropped into the office. A stationmaster played an important part. A housewife, her kitchen in course of search, stirred plans and diagrams into the *pot au feu*. A sculptor scratched vital notations on his marble. A Girl Guide, with the charming surname Haricot, made her way across a top danger area, with papers it could be death to so much as handle tucked away inside her trim waistbelt.

Information was murmured from ear to ear in evening cafes, over a game of dominoes ; once a warning was camouflaged by a sudden caress. We read of nerve-racking slip-ups—for instance, the carrier pigeon which, having refused to become airborne, smugly perched and remained on the next-door roof : soon the rising sun glittered on its pink claws, while German troops milled in the street below. The penalty for concealing or despatching a carrier pigeon was death—as a seemingly unconcerned married couple, seated at breakfast inside a window, with their eyes upon the dementing bird, well knew. Paris, as well as the Normandy towns, was the scene of hairsbreadth escapes, desperate inspirations. Would you, in flight for your life from the Gestapo, think of diving into a small dry-cleaning establishment and posing as the young lady behind the counter?

There is more to *Ten Thousand Eyes* than I here discuss : in fact it's a large-scale operational survey, to an extent overlapping on other Resistance books, such as Bruce Marshall's *The White Rabbit*. But what most remains in memory is the human element—the homely vividness, the domestic detail, even, in places, the comicality. There's an attractive sense of the close-up in the way these heroic stories are told.

A short but tremendous novel, *My Face For The World To See* (Gollancz, 12s. 6d.), is by Alfred Hayes—author of *The Girl On The Via Flaminia* and *In Love*. The scene is Hollywood, and those endless boulevards and endless beach resorts strung along the Pacific ; and virtually there are but two characters—the "I" and the girl he rescues from suicide, only to wreck again. Or, has he wrecked her ; is she not headed for doom ? She is one of those tragic young aspirants to stardom, employed by no studio, living alone with an ever-silent telephone in a small apartment. She possesses only a black cat, Morgan ; she is possessed by a toxic daydream.

He is a success, with all that connotes—a script-writer, spending some months a year in Hollywood, though his home, wife and small daughter are in New York. His marriage has lasted fifteen years, though his love for his wife went dead on him years ago. Idly, almost automatically, he drifts into



GRETCHEN MAAS, twenty one, has been holding her first exhibition of painting at Liberty's Art Gallery. Miss Maas, who lives at Keston, Kent, studied art in Antwerp and at the London Central School



S. C. HARPLEY's sculpture in concrete, *Sally*, had an appreciative audience in Mr. Roy Brickell. The sculpture was in an exhibition organized by John Moores. It was first given in Liverpool, then went to the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours' Galleries

a love affair with this girl, to whom his introduction had been so strange—she looked dreadful when he dragged her out of the ocean; and, pretty as she holds no real charm for him—she is listless; she lacks magnetism and glamour. He begins by pitying her; she becomes a habit, his own emptiness a factor. How strong the tie has become, for her, he only realizes when an outside circumstance brings the *affaire* to an unexpected end. Then floodgates open, and sheer terror appears.

Indeed, the story may sound at once slight and ordinary. The triumph—an it is a drastic triumph—is in the telling. Mr. Hayes brings eternal truth into fleeting love; as to this, few living writers are his equal. He also conjures up, as few others can, the climate or atmosphere of an intense relationship. To read *My Face For The World To See* is something of an ordeal, but it is worth it.

The new Josephine Bell detective story is *The Seeing Eye* (Hodder & Stoughton, 12s. 6d.). That attractive and happy couple the Wintringhams become mixed up in a crime in a London picture gallery—an *avant garde* art critic is found murdered, and it looks as though a young friend of theirs might be implicated. Oswald Burke, the deceased, has had a way of getting under the skins of sensitive youthful artists; there is also a tie-up between him and Lampton, the psychiatrist, whose manner is tense and past somewhat fishy.

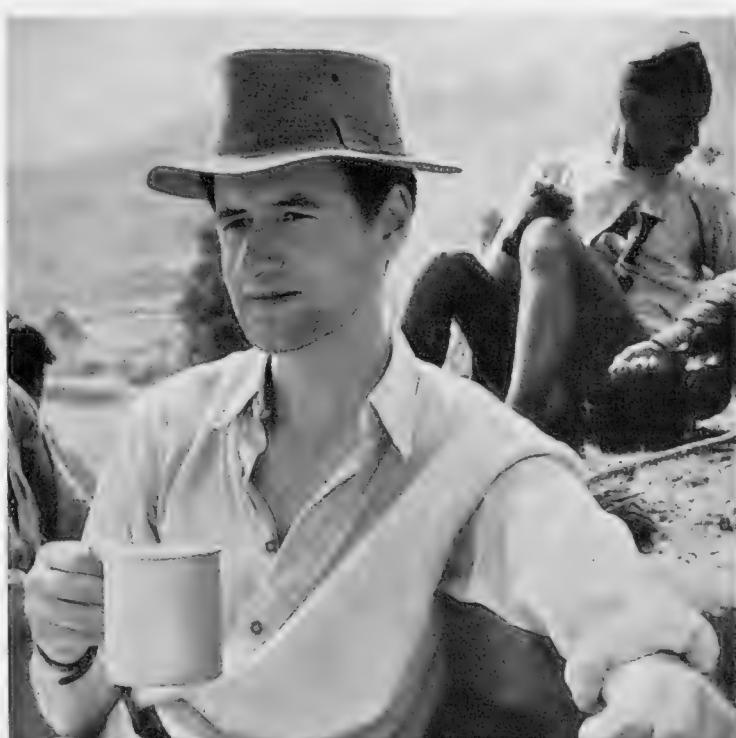
The Wintringhams' charming Hampstead home is overrun, for some time, by distraught bohemian characters who incur the disapproval of Nanny. However, David's and Jill's investigation plays a considerable part in tracking down a (to me) quite unexpected villain.

The novel *Merrily To The Grave* (Peter Davies, 12s. 6d.) is the fourth by Kathleen Scully—English woman writer who, since *Canal In The Moonlight*, has made felt her forceful, bizarre, singular gifts. Squalour does not frighten Miss Scully; she accepts it yet she somehow surmounts it; in the same way, her feeling for men and women is unblinded, yet charged with kindness and pity. This time, the action takes place in a Brighton boarding house—the hall smells of cat (for good reason: poor old Bertie) and the many floors of the formerly handsome house are crowded with no-goods, has-beens, cranks, neurotic celibates and one juvenile killer. Over this *menage*, or call it menagerie, presides big, blowsy, noble and comical Hester Blazey, landlady. A heart of gold, if ever there was one.

Miss Blazey, jilted in 1918, has not lost her faith in human nature. Love she reserved for Bertie, her dreadful cat, up to the fateful day when Johnnie, mystery boy from London, was carried into her house with an injured ankle—a total mothering process from then sets in. No less grateful for Hester's roof are the elderly Thydes, once driven from door

to door—they possess nothing but “three small suitcases full of odds and ends, and each other.” Less devoted, down below in the basement, are sinister elderly Mr. and Mrs. Titheridge. On the whole, Miss Blazey's household take her for granted—yet, as Christmas Day makes them realize, they are a family. Eastley Crescent is cosy, like it or not!

Alas, however, what a chain of mishaps! The smashing of the collection of crested china is but a forerunner. Poor Elsie's fiasco in the singing competition leads to a roaring scene of final destruction. And yet and all, *Merrily To The Grave* is a brave and grand book—I felt the better for reading it, though I can't say why.



JAMES MORRIS has written an account of the Everest expedition, *Coronation Everest* (Faber, 16s.). Mr. Morris, pictured at one of the Himalayan camps, was the official newspaper correspondent with the expedition

# The judgement of Paris



The pace-setters of the Paris Collections were the young designers, Yves St. Laurent at the house of Dior, Pierre Cardin and Guy Laroche. They were the first to show, several weeks in advance of Balenciaga and Givenchy, and their clothes are the first pointers to where the trend of fashion is heading.

Pierre Cardin's deliberate but feminine lines have always had a back interest, every garment making an exit. Here his black coat in Ascher's internationally successful Kilcardie cloth — a nylon and mohair mixture — has the rounded back that followed through his entire collection.

Christian Dior's trapeze line shown in its deceptive simplicity. A button-through dress in brilliant coral wool, with scoop-out neckline, "little girl" sleeves, and a loosely fitted back jutting out to a wide hemline. Crystal beads in shades of coral and a large hat matched identically with the dress.

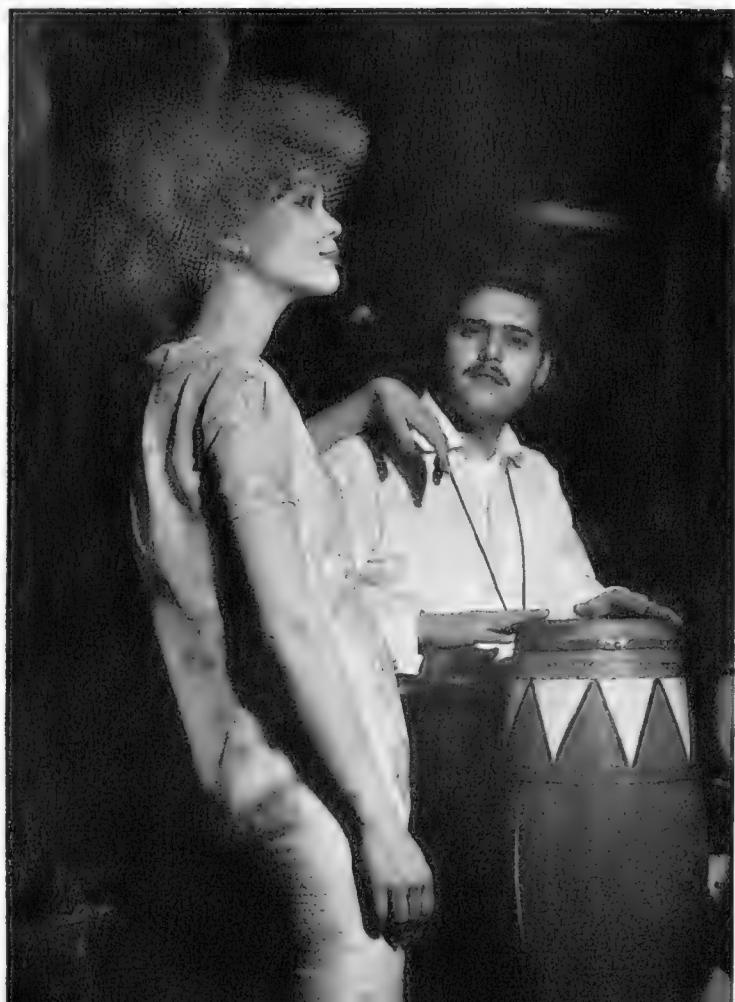




The  
TATLER  
and  
BYSTANDER,  
MARCH 5,  
1958.  
440



Michel Molinare



JACQUES GRIFFE'S little "shift" dresses were a highlight of his provocative collection—falling unrestricted from the neckline to an enormous circular hemline, this dress (*top left*) of palest pink silk organza is embroidered with roses

CASTILLO AT LANVIN'S short evening dress (*above*) with a skirt completely circled with envelope folds of white organza. The tightly fitting bodice is slashed with garter-blue silk. Always his evening dresses had dramatic huge, but short, skirts and closely moulded bodices

PIERRE CARDIN along with Yves St. Laurent is in the *avant garde* of the promising young French designers. His casual blue chiffon (*left*) printed with yellow roses, has a loose, easy back tapering into a restricted hemline. Worn with it is an enormous hat of spotted yellow net

A contrast  
in colours



CHRISTIAN DIOR'S brilliant young successor Yves St. Laurent is the master equally of sumptuousness and simplicity. His Grecian dinner dress of celestial blue chiffon has as its only adornment a necklace of glittering crystal beads in delicate toning colours.



THREE of London's designers showed in their collections that they were in line with the outstanding trends of fashion on the Continent. Short waistless jacket lines, short skirts, the casual "little girl" dresses and, for evening, dresses which floated and flowed in flowered loosely draped chiffons. Even the blues—the many vibrant blues of the Mediterranean—appear to have mysteriously floated from the Via Gregoriana across the Champs Elysees to Curzon Street

## London picks up the trend

42



Alexander

RONALD PATERSON, the Scots designer, uses Dumas and Maury's navy alpaca for his coat, lined with Ascher's rose silk print. He teams it with a navy silk dress, with a square cut jacket-top similar to those seen in Dior's collection. Rudolf's hat of the rose silk used for the lining

MICHAEL, who makes London's most interesting suits, combines the best traditions of tailoring with a high fashion sense. His suit in Moreau of Paris's green diagonal tweed has raised seams on the short jacket and on the skirt. The blouse, a silk print by Ducharme of Paris, teams up with the jacket lining, and has a back panel fastening on to the skirt. Hat by Peter Shepherd

JOHN CAVANAGH echoes Dior's trapeze line in his "little girl" dress made of Dormeuil Freres navy wool and mohair fabric. The kimono sleeves and little collar are reminiscent of the young approach which characterized so many of the Paris collections, particularly by Jacques Griffe. Flowered cap by Simone Mirman

# French



At their International Fashion Show on March 24, Debenhams Freebody will show the two original French models shown on these pages. Copies will be made in the workrooms, bringing the cost within the means of most customers.

Pierre Balmain's suit (*left*) originally made in a brilliant red is to be copied in an apricot lightwool, one of the season's most popular colours. It will cost about 25 gns.

The dress (*opposite*), by Pierre Cardin, in pale blue wool will be copied in the original material approximately 50 gns., and in other fabrics for 17½ gns. Both the original and the copies will be obtainable in Debenhams & Freebody Model Millinery Department.

Photographs by  
Peter Clark

CHOICE FOR  
THE WEEK

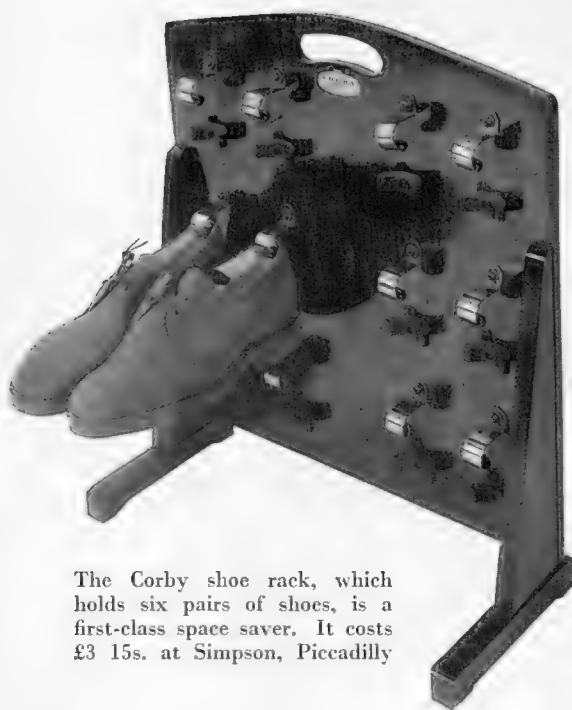
couture at a sterling price



## SHOPPING

# Brainwaves for men about town

Coach hide "Ambassador" overnight case, with document case attached, £17 10s.; in black morocco, £17 12s. 6d., at Simpson



The Corby shoe rack, which holds six pairs of shoes, is a first-class space saver. It costs £3 15s. at Simpson, Piccadilly

Wooden chest containing Simpson's Santal preparations for men, comprising hair tonic, after-shave lotion and bath soap, price £2 2s., at Simpson

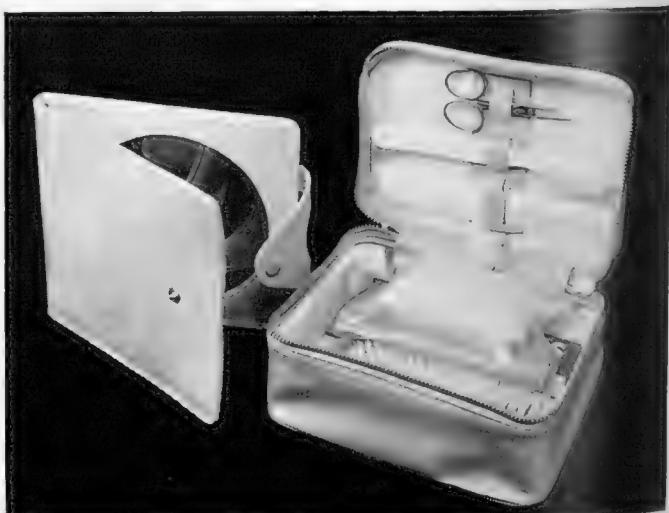


Cashmere Intarsia slipover in tones of grey and blue, £9 9s., fully fashioned pure wool socks, hand-embroidered, £1 5s., at Simpson

Cashmere and wool scarf, wide range of colours and tartans, £1 13s. 6d., string-backed, unlined hogskin gloves, £2 19s. 6d., root ash walking stick, price 10s. 6d., Simpson



Pigskin travelling mirror set, one plain mirror, the other magnifying, £3 12s. 6d., and matching pigskin "wetpack," £5 10s., obtainable at Simpson





**Besly—Gore.** Capt. Richard Besly, Grenadier Guards, only son of Mr. and Mrs. E. F. W. Besly, of Barton Hatch, Limpsfield, Surrey, married Miss Dinah Gore, elder daughter of Brig. and Mrs. A. C. Gore, of Horton Priory, Sellindge, near Hythe, Kent, at the Church of the Holy Trinity, Brompton



**Smyth-Osbourne—Pennington.** Major Edward Timothy Smyth-Osbourne, Coldstream Guards, only son of Major and Mrs. J. G. Smyth-Osbourne, of Ufton Court, Reading, Berks, married Miss Annabel Pennington, youngest daughter of Major and Mrs. G. W. Pennington-Ramsden, of Versions Farm, Brackley, Northamptonshire, at Holy Trinity, Brompton

## Wedding days



**Davies—Seehoem.** Mr. R. J. R. Davies, son of the late Major R. G. J. Davies, M.C., of Glenlaggen, Parton, Kirkcudbrightshire, and Mrs. Lindsay-Watson, of Chisbury Manor Farm, near Marlborough, married Miss Jennifer Seehoem, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Derrick Seehoem, of Preston, Herts



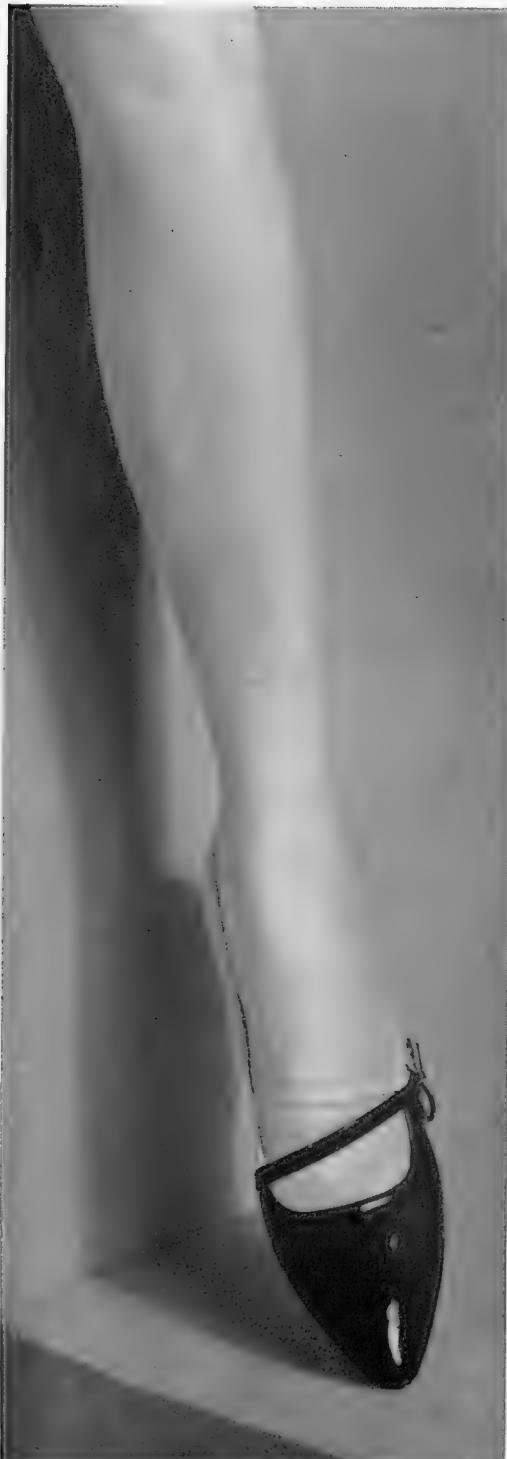
**Ross—Shirley.** Mr. Ian David Ross, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Ross, of Redcar, Yorkshire, married Miss Jane Dillwyn Shirley, daughter of the Hon. Andrew and Mrs. Shirley, of Park Hill Cottage, Beaconsfield, at St. James's, Piccadilly

**Right. Bonallack—Ward.** Mr. Michael Bonallack, the Walker Cup golfer, was married to Miss Angela Ward, the Curtis Cup player, at St. John's Church, Margate. The bride and bridegroom left beneath an archway of golf-clubs held by famous golfers

## BEAUTY

# Can you show a leg?

JEAN CLELAND



**W**ITH the advent of shorter skirts, the spotlight is on legs. If your legs have that perfection of line that makes you pleased to reveal as great a portion of them as fashion dictates—which in extreme cases is almost to the knee—then you can relax and be grateful. If, on the other hand, there is room for improvement, then you may like to know what can be done to bring them into line with the latest fashion trend.

No sooner was the new short line established, than I received an invitation from Elizabeth Arden's Salon to see the treatments they give for beautifying the legs, feet and ankles.

For slimming the ankles, they advise three things: electrical treatment, hand massage, and exercise. Before any of these are started, posture is checked, and any faults there may be in this corrected. This is extremely important, since standing badly, with the weight wrongly distributed, throws everything out of line, and in time produces a thickening in the legs and ankles, and other parts of the body. For example, people who walk with their toes pointing outwards too far, frequently get a widening of the hips, which gives a middle-aged look to the figure. If necessary, special exercises are given to improve posture and the carriage, and these are done not only in the salon, but every day at home.

**A**NKLE slimming starts with electric treatment—Faradism—which is excellent for strengthening the arches and firming up slack muscles. As these get stronger, flabbiness is dispersed, and the ankles automatically become more slender. Next comes deep hand massage to stimulate the circulation, and knead away fatty deposits. Lastly, exercises are taught in the exercise room where there is a special "slant" board for doing certain movements designed to slim not only the legs and ankles, but the thighs and hips.

I asked if there were any I could pass on, and was given two. First a variation of one that has always proved successful; rotating the foot in as wide a circle as possible, ten times clockwise,

**LEGGY ELEGANCE.** This slim and shapely leg with its smooth knee has nothing to fear from the new shorter skirts. The narrow, well-arched foot enhances the black patent and freesia-beige calf two-strap court shoe which costs 8 gns. at Russell and Bromley

and ten times anti-clockwise. In the new version, instead of sitting with one leg crossed over the other to do it, you lie on your back with the legs straight up in the air at right angles to the body, and circle first the right foot, then the left, lowering the legs to the ground for a short rest between each ten rotations. The idea for doing the exercise in this position is so that the blood runs away from the ankles and relieves any congestion, thus making it doubly effective. The whole thing is much easier if a small cushion is placed under the buttocks to lift the seat slightly off the ground.

For the second exercise, you should stand on a book about the thickness of a telephone directory, with the heels overlapping the edge, so that they can be slowly lowered to touch the ground. Lower them, and raise them up, about a dozen times, and you will feel the wonderfully strengthening effect that this has on the ankle muscles and the arches.

**F**OR flabby flesh which often accumulates where it is least wanted, Elizabeth Arden has a "Passive Reducing" treatment. Special little pads are placed on whatever spots require reducing, current is switched on, and the electric impulse causes the muscles to exercise involuntarily, which results in a notable firming of the tissues.

In some cases thickening of the ankles and calves of the legs may be due to acidity, or to fluid which some people retain more readily than others. Wax baths are recommended as the best way of dealing with these problems. Because the wax creates a complete vacuum, a deep perspiration is induced and the body loses moisture. Wax treatment can be done on the legs alone, but this is not advocated because the results are so much better when the whole body is encased.

**S**MART women are already worrying about what to do with knees that, with the short skirts, will be difficult to conceal, especially when sitting. So often the skin is wrinkled and crepey, and far from pretty. Lancome's have a way of dealing with this that is very effective. It can be done at home, and entails daily massage, night and morning, with a special preparation called "Sculpturale." This tones and braces the underlying tissues, and at the same time has a wonderfully softening effect on the skin, whose appearance is greatly improved.



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# Horrockses

**Miss Susan M. Dewhurst,** elder daughter of Lt.-Col. and the Hon. Mrs. Hugh Dewhurst, of Dungarthill, Dunkeld, Perthshire, has announced her engagement to Mr. Alick M. Rankin, younger son of Lt.-Col. Niall and Lady Jane Rankin, of House of Treshnish, Mull



## They are engaged



**Miss Jennifer Akers-Douglas,** only daughter of the late Mr. Ian Akers-Douglas and of Mrs. W. G. Lowndes, of House of Urrard, Perthshire, is engaged to Mr. George D. H. Wiggin, 11th Bars, elder son of Lt.-Col. and Mr. Peter Wiggin, of Overton, Hampshire



**Miss Angela Rodney Bingley,** elder daughter of Col. R. A. G. Bingley, of Andoversford, Gloucestershire, and of Mrs. Edward Paget, of Sevenoaks, Kent, is engaged to Mr. George Henry Charles Balfour-Kinnear, Royal Scots Fusiliers, son of the late Mr. G. T. Balfour-Kinnear, and of Mrs. Balfour-Kinnear, of Creetown, Kirkcudbrightshire



**Miss Morag Muriel Ferguson Wiley,** the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Nixon Wiley, of West Hartlepool, Durham, is engaged to Mr. Martin John Richard Couling, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Donald Couling, of Headingley, Leeds

**MR. JUSTICE BARRY.**—In The TATLER of February 12 an announcement of his daughter's engagement incorrectly described Mr. Justice Barry as "the late." We deeply regret any distress caused by this error

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## DINING IN

# Facts about fish

HELEN BURKE

THE other day I went to a double-turn demonstration given by a fishmonger and a cook, both from Mac Fisheries. If this excellent performance went well in London it was to be sent on tour throughout the country. I hope it will be, because I have seldom seen a better handling of fish, both in preparation and cooking.

Mr. Stockley, the fishmonger, not only indicated the identifying points of fish which somewhat resemble each other, but also showed exactly how to buy them, emphasizing over and over again the need for those bright red gills, bright eyes and the slime which, though unpleasant-sounding, is an essential characteristic of fresh fish. He also demonstrated the filleting of fish, both flat and round (the latter always the more difficult of the two), how to cut turbot economically, and how to skin skate and sole.

Did you know that, in order to remove the dark skin from witch, you should cut through at the head end from the white side without cutting through the dark skin itself, then pull it off from the head end instead of, as with Dover sole, the tail?

"Your fishmonger will do all this for you," Mr. Stockley said. My neighbour mumbled, "I'd like to see his face if I asked!"

Meanwhile, Miss Nightingale was cooking the fish we had been shown, first telling us what she was going to do with it. She gave an unusual topping—Devilled Grill—for grilled cod. Here it is: Place four cod steaks or cutlets, 1-in. thick, in a buttered fireproof gratin dish and cook them for two to three minutes under a hot grill. Mix together 1 c. softened butter, a level teaspoon each of curry-powder, dry mustard, cayenne and anchovy essence, with seasoning to taste. Turn the fish and spread the mixture on it. Place under the grill again (the heat reduced a little) and cook for another ten minutes.

Another topping was made of creamed butter, grated cheese, pepper and salt to taste, and just enough top milk to moisten the mixture. I would add one of my own. For four cod steaks, melt 1 oz. butter in the heatproof dish. Add the steaks and sprinkle a little pepper and salt on them. Spread the top with French mustard, as generously as you wish, and then with softened butter. Grill gently for ten minutes without turning them.

Grilling, the quickest way of cooking, produces the most digestible food, and even the least expensive fish can be grilled with advantage. For grilled meats, on the other hand, one must buy the best tender cuts.

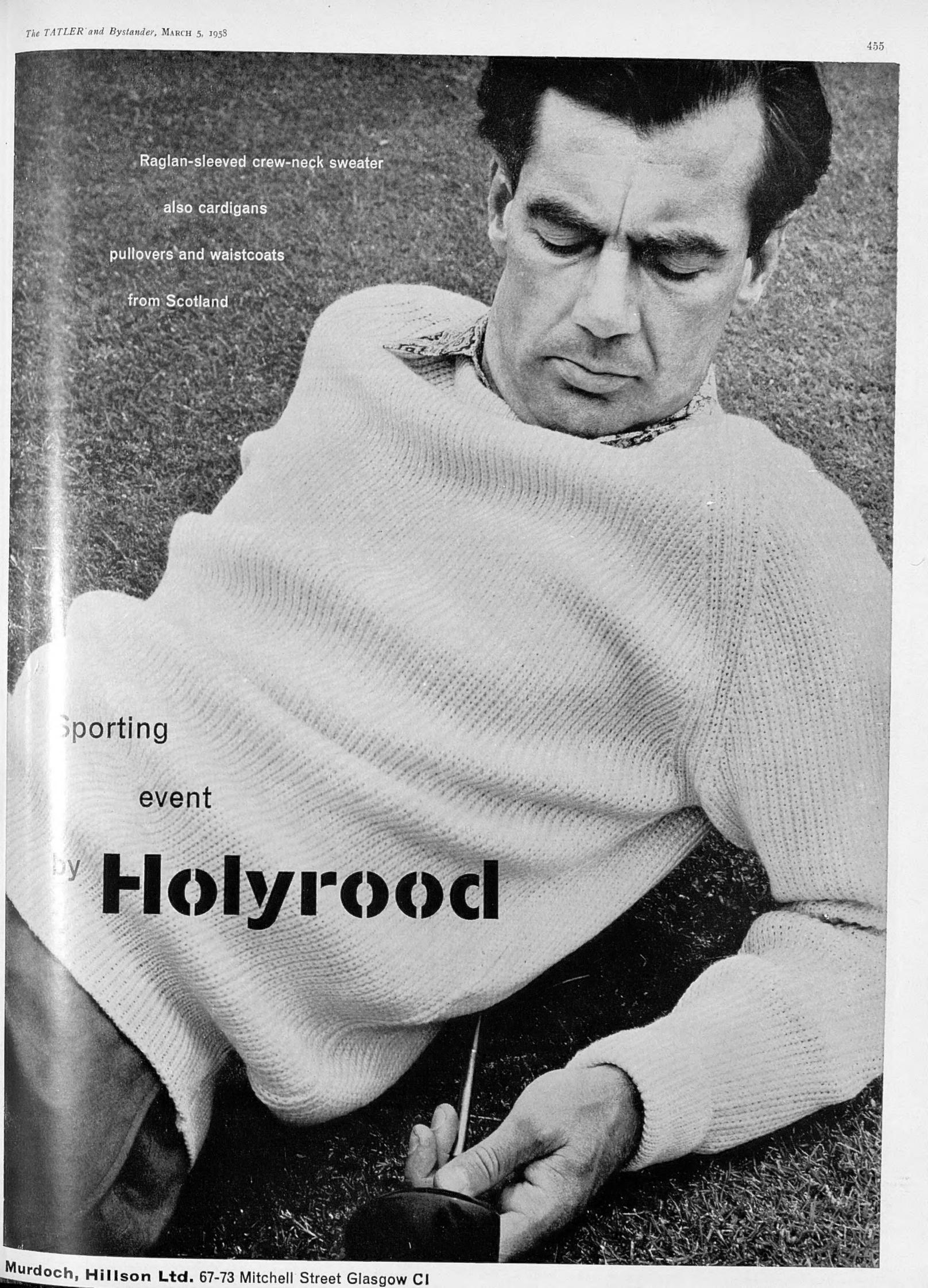
Many people, when entertaining, serve fish as a first course, thus having the opportunity of including a glass of dry white wine with the meal. One light dish I like to prepare is a mixture of compatible fish and shellfish in a creamy sauce. It is a simple dish which never lets me down. It can be made in advance, leaving only the addition of cream to the last minute. It can be served in the deep shells of scallops or in those little individual stumpy-handled earthenware oven dishes that come from Vallauris.

For four servings, start with a pint of scraped and well washed mussels. Put into a stewpan four to five tablespoons of dry white wine, two to three stalks of parsley, a chopped shallot and a little freshly milled pepper but no salt. Bring to the boil, add the mussels, cover closely and boil for three minutes. If the shells have not opened by this time, cook for another minute. Remove the mussels from their shells. Cut two skinned fillets of Dover sole into little "goujons" (thin slices cut diagonally across). Poach them for a few minutes in a little strained mussel stock.

Meanwhile, cook  $\frac{3}{4}$  oz. flour, without colouring, in  $\frac{3}{4}$  oz. butter. Remove from the heat and slowly stir in under  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint strained mussel stock and water (mixed). Simmer to thicken to a fairly thick cream. Add the mussels, drained sole and an ounce or two of peeled shrimps or prawns. Taste for seasoning; it is unlikely that salt will be required. At the very last minute, stir in two to three tablespoons of double cream and heat through. Serve in scallop shells or earthenware dishes.

No decoration is required, but a pinch of paprika or finely chopped parsley in the centre of each serving gives an attractive appearance.





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## DINING OUT

### Beer and skittles

#### I. BICKERSTAFF

THE history of a brewery over two hundred years is almost a history of the English way of life over the same period. Thus it is with *Brewer's Progress, 1757-1957*, a beautifully produced book telling the history of Charrington's brewery over that period. Written by L. A. G. Strong, it makes fascinating reading, from Christmas, 1787, when the company's bank balance stood at £80 13s. 11d., to 1957, when their liquid assets were over £1½ million.

I quote the last two paragraphs of the story: "The business of the brewer is mellow and generous. It adds to life a pleasure which is greater and richer than a mere indulgence, combining as it does nourishment with gratification. It is a business rich in tradition, kindly in association, a bearer of good will, and the enabler of the sort of social life in which all classes mingle happily at their chosen public house."

"It would be hard to imagine life in England without the village inn or the city pub. In the fraternity of those who maintain these institutions, Charrington's has an honourable place, and, as these pages should have shown, lives up to a fine tradition."

Talking of brewers reminds me of distilleries and the occasion I put on my "Beefeater" tie to attend the Beefeater Club Refresher Course at Burrough's Distillery in Lambeth.

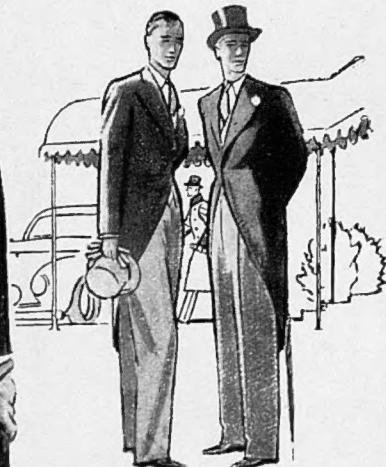
This club is a most useful charity. Members pay an annual subscription of 10s., all the funds being given away; over £900 has already been distributed. We were greeted by Mr. Alan Burrough, their sales director, who founded the Club, and who duly enrolled the thousandth member. This was Mr. Peter Cadbury, managing director of Keith Prowse.

I have recently had occasion to look back over 1957 and refresh my memory of that year's engagements. Gastronomically two of the events specially to be remembered were the banquets given at that very lush, plush and efficient hotel, the Imperial at Torquay, and (striking a blow for Britain) I would as soon stay there, if I wanted to avoid the trouble of doing much travelling and to relax completely, as anywhere else in Europe.

I shall remember for some time the two banquets held at the Imperial during the recent International Gastronomic Festival, and in particular the first of these prepared by William True, *maitre chef de cuisine*. It consisted of dishes representative of West Country fare served with the appropriate wines. The menu was as follows: Cornish chicken broth with sherry; Brixham lobster, shrimps and mussel pie with Muscadet 1955; roast back of Dartmoor lamb, mint-flavoured garden peas, Cornish creamed potato cake with Chateau Rauzan Gassies (Margaux) 1949; Tamar Vale duckling roasted and stuffed Tavistock fashion, orange salad with Calvet's Sparkling Burgundy; light Cheddar cream pudding, which was in effect a superb cheese soufflé, being marched in in huge silver soufflé dishes and timed to a second. Port and brandy with the coffee completed the feast.

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